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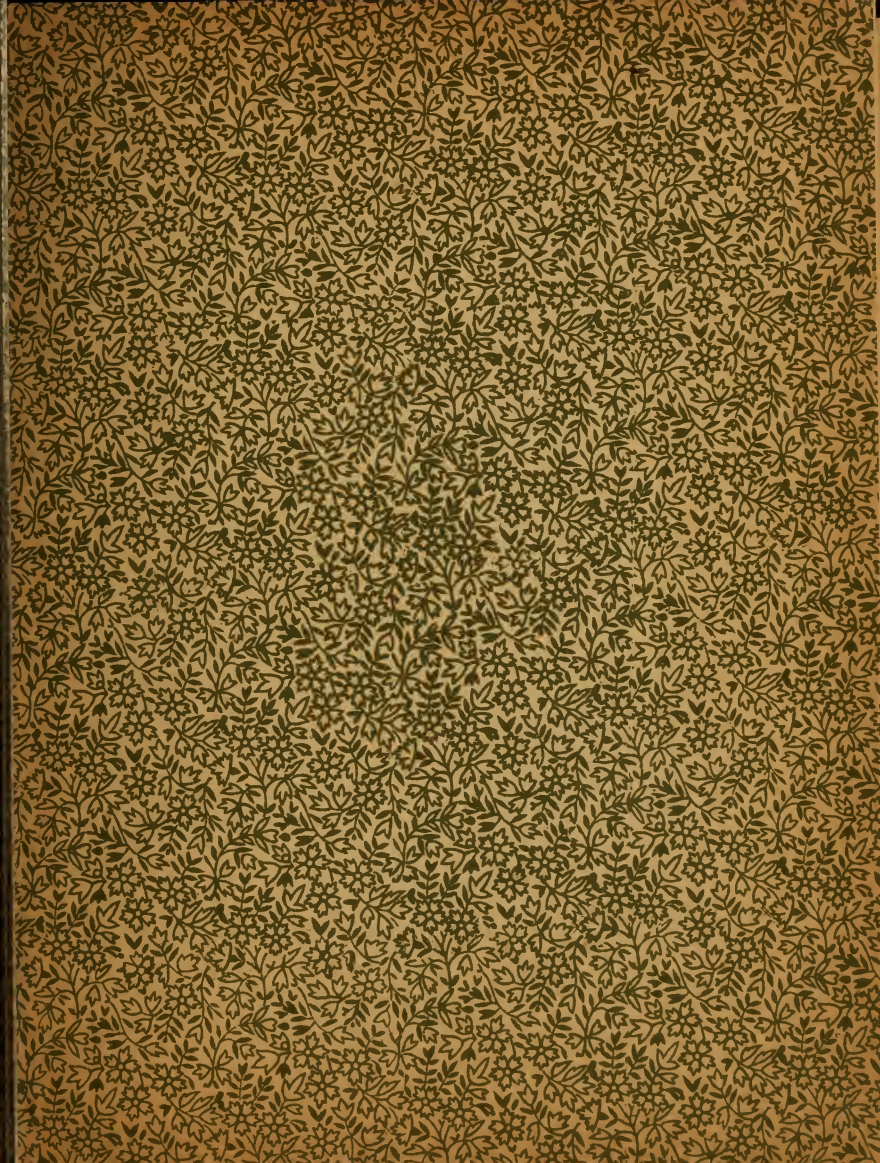


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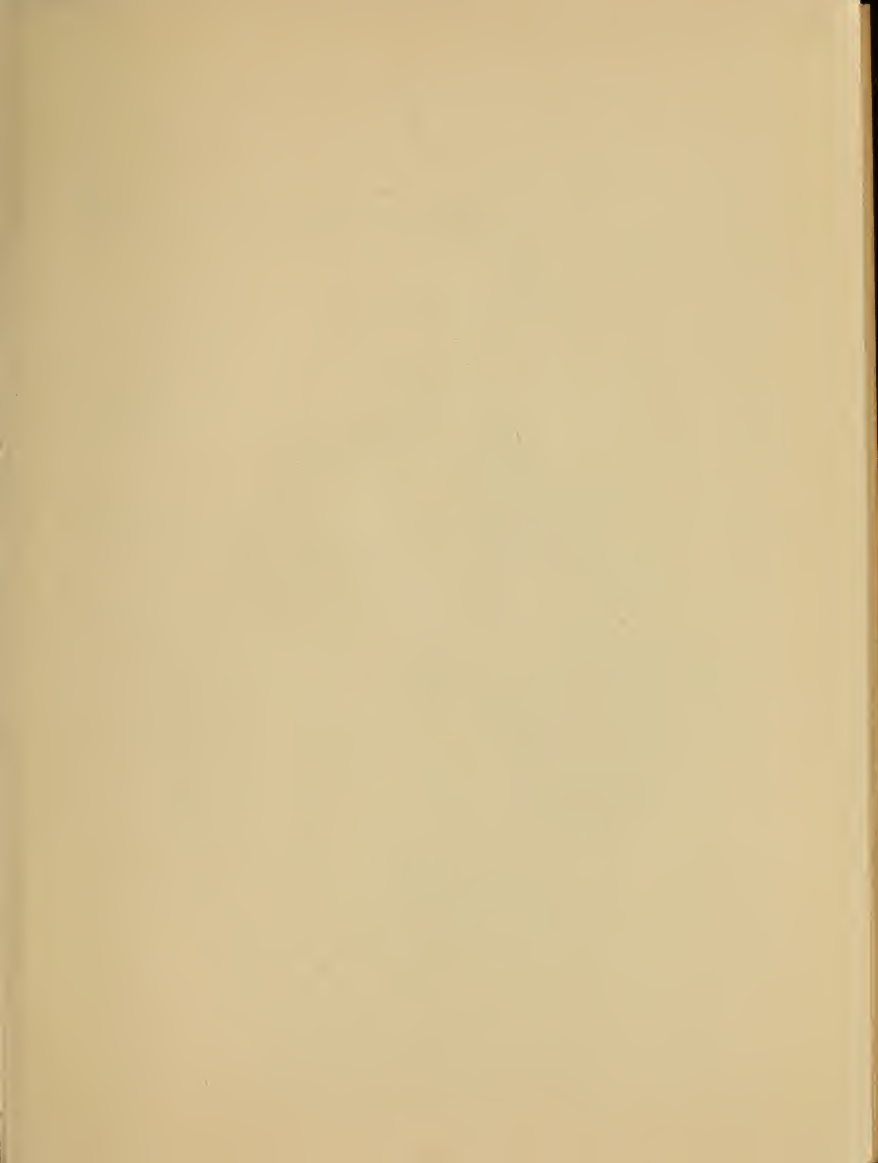
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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.











REV. P. CAMERON SCOTT.

Promoted!

OR

A BRIEF LIFE SKETCH OF

P. Cameron Scott

BY

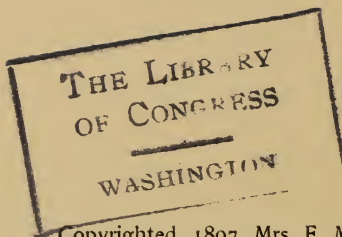
MRS. E. M. WHITEMORE

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G.H. 9.11.12
Ever filled with God's Spirit,
And thus kept by His power,
He walked daily with Jesus
From hour to hour.

When his final summons came,
"To th'Eternal City fair,"
For the sake of that dear Name
He gladly entered there.

Dead ! Oh no ! Not so, not dead,
Neither lost nor gone indeed,
But with Christ the Living Head,
From every earth-care freed.

Just Divinely appointed
In that great Presence to be,
He was simply promoted
"From glory to glory."

*Dedicated to the loved Mother
of him whose
memory is dear to thousands*

CHAPTER I.

“Here I am, Lord, use me in life or death.”

THIS, the last entry in the diary of Peter Cameron Scott, to us who loved him and knew him best, was *just* what could have been expected might be written, as *daily* the one engrossing thought of his heart was, *how* to accomplish the *most* for God, and, as each available opportunity was presented, regardless of self, this devoted young servant of Christ would eagerly seize it, and utilize such moments to the up-building of the Kingdom in others.

He was born in Scotland March 7th, 1867, and through the prayerful and careful training of godly parents entered into what will ever be recognized as a most wonderful and remarkable life for the Master, one which has already influenced thousands for good, and *who* can estimate what may not *yet* be accomplished through his death, in answer to believing prayer.

A good old custom of the Scottish people is to early acquaint their children with the place of worship, so accordingly, at the age of two he was taken to the house of God, and though too young to appreciate what was transpiring during those hours when seated by his mother's side, there crept into his childish mind from time to time as the years went by (through that very regular attendance) a holy awe and reverence for the sanctuary which nothing ever obliterated.

When only three years of age he met with, but what for the love of God, might have proved a fatal accident, in being run over across the back by a heavy cart-wheel, and undoubtedly his sufferings later on in life were caused by some injury then received, but from which he was also graciously delivered, as will be seen further.

Even when a little fellow, though full of all sorts of boyish pranks, and entering into many mischievous pleasures, he was so upright and loving that somehow, he commanded the respect of his youthful companions, and was regarded in the light of a leader in all their

games, etc. In fact, he won the admiration of young and old through his daring fearlessness and determination of disposition.

Shortly after entering school ; one, of his grandest characteristics, began to assert itself, namely, *unselfishness* and a very positive consideration of others, especially marked toward those who were *unable* to defend themselves. Before graduating this became more and more noticeable upon numerous occasions.

When but twelve years of age (not being overfond of study) he set about to bring things to a crisis, and through some tremendous efforts upon his part, in a very short space of time was able to pass the somewhat rigid examination of the Sixth Standard, which, as a rule, was never attempted until after fourteen years of age in the school. He came off with flying colors and with the desire to begin life in earnest.

During those early school days he became quite an athlete, furnishing sport more than once by his courageous feats to his fellow-students.

In November, 1879, the entire family came

over to this country, settling down for a time in Philadelphia. At fifteen years of age he united with one of the Presbyterian churches of that city, more, though, from a sense of duty than from any great change of heart, and, as many a young Christian has done before and since, he followed more the light that came from the pulpit than from Christ Himself, though perfectly honest in *desiring* to live up to his professions. In so doing, many failures were the results, as to what he considered a Christian's life should be. Oh, that all might learn the great necessity in the very beginning when reaching after God to keep their eyes looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of their faith, following nor seeing no man save “Jesus only.” How many discouragements could be averted, and how much greater would such lives tell to the glory of God.

Soon afterwards he was accepted as a solo singer in one of the largest churches in Philadelphia—he had a most exceptional voice, which was carefully trained by one of the noted Italian teachers. The solemnity of the services there filled his young heart with holy awe, often causing him to exclaim to himself,

while taking part in the exercises, "This is the house of God, worship thou Him."

Shortly following this he had an almost unheard of offer for one so young, of \$50 per week and expenses met, if but consenting to sing upon the stage for public concerts, etc. In a high state of exaltation, not with the thought of becoming prominent in the eyes of people, or attracting attention to himself, but that he might be able in a little way, through the remuneration thus received, to express his appreciation for all his dear parents had so willingly expended upon the cultivation of his voice, he hastened to carry the news home. His disappointment, however, can hardly be expressed when he was met with a decided refusal from both father and mother to enter into any such engagements, giving as a reason that no son of theirs could *ever* receive their consent to use in such a promiscuous and worldly manner what God had given to be utilized *alone* for *His* glory.

It was not long, before repeatedly, he had cause for thanksgiving and praise, that through their wisdom and council his steps were guided once again into the right direction.

CHAPTER II.

“I am the Lord that bealeth thee.”—Ex. xv: 26.

WISHING to be independent at the age of sixteen, he took a position in a printer's office, though he found it daily most humiliating and trying to his ambitious nature. But with a determination to succeed, he smothered his pride and did all that was required, and after two years was able to secure what might be regarded as a most excellent opening for *any* young man. During that clerkship in this latter office especially, God kept him most true to his principles, never being ashamed to stand up and openly rebuke sin among those who labored with him, and by so doing he acquired the name of “the little preacher.” Through the failure of this house he entered another of a similar character, when among the workers there, a spirit of jealousy arose shortly afterwards. Some of the men decided one morning to play a joke upon him by accusing him publicly of stealing a dollar.

All day this miserable joke was kept up. With a speechless feeling of shame to think that any one coming from such an honorable family as his could be thought guilty of *such* a charge, towards the evening the tension became so great though old as he was, the tears could not be prevented falling down his face. The men, upon noticing this and perceiving no spirit of retaliation, *deeply* repented, and confessed their part in the matter, and from that day perfect peace reigned amongst them.

Although taking an active part in the Sabbath school all this time, way down in his heart there was a certain longing to have things different, and, being most devotedly attached to music still, once in a while he would gratify it by attending the opera, not realizing what his influence might mean to others in going.

In 1887 his health became so impaired he was obliged to give up business, suffering very intensely through a most serious affection of the kidneys, and finally was ordered back to his native land, though little hope was entertained for an ultimate recovery; in fact, he had doubts of ever looking into the faces of his family again as he bade them adieu and sailed away.

One day, kneeling down at the grave of his little sister at Janeville cemetery, weary and sick, after praying awhile, he promised God if his life was spared it should be His for service. From that hour his health began to improve, so that by 1888 he returned to Philadelphia and took up his work once more. But after a little somehow he forgot that vow. Only every now and then this verse of Scripture would keep repeating itself to his mind, "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price." I Cor. 6:19, 20. How he *longed* to have it explained. And yet, though it created within many an anxious thought, the matter was kept buried in his own heart. Once he even tried to erase that text from his testament, thinking thus to quiet his conscience. Soon his health again began to fail and being unable to attend to business, for nine months was on the invalid list once more.

In March, 1889, he first listened to some teaching upon Divine healing, but not being in a spirit for, prayerful investigation censured all who accepted this truth, and those who taught it, regarding them as a set of fanatics, and deciding

to have nothing whatever to do with such people.

Just about this time, noticing an advertisement for chorus-singers, and being unable to do any manual labor, with a desperate feeling, and without mentioning the matter to anyone, he went down town with the purpose of *actually* offering his services. Upon ascending the steps of the Opera House, God, in a most miraculous way, through the power of the Holy Ghost, stayed his course. "It was a still, small voice," indeed, as he often said in referring to it, but nevertheless forcing its way into his innermost being, the thought came, "Are you going to glorify God by going in there?" Not at first recognizing the voice, he started once more up the steps; yes, even a second and third time, when a feeling of conviction crept into his heart—it *was the Lord*, and turning around abruptly, he descended, saying within himself, "No, Lord, I shall *never* go into such a place again." From *that* moment, the peace of God which passeth all understanding, entered into his life, as he had never known it before, and with rejoicing he became indeed a new creature

in Christ, and instead of acting upon the *former* instincts, he returned to the place he had turned from for the purpose of enlightening himself regarding Christ as "the Healer," and through several conversations held with one of God's dear servants, he was led one night to kneel down in his room with his Bible for a guide, to search into the possibility of accepting the Holy Ghost as his teacher, and to reign in his heart. By three o'clock that morning he rose, exclaiming, as he often stated since, in these words: "The Lord is for the body, and the body for the Lord. Christ is the head of the Church, and He *is* the Saviour of the body," Eph. v : 23. At that moment the promise made to God in the little Scottish Cemetery came vividly back to remembrance, and once more, but without any reservation, he gave himself up to that God for life or death, and from that moment realized he was indeed no longer his own, but the *property of Him whom he loved*.

For four years he had been obliged to use glasses (and though suffering most intensely in his body, as well as with his eyes, for three long weeks after this memorable night, apparently

growing worse), he became convicted about wearing them any longer. After a considerable struggle he finally decided to commit even his body *very specially* to God for healing. His eyesight was not only restored, but his physical condition changed, and in less than two weeks all trace of the former troubles disappeared; still, when referring to this healing, the *physical* blessing then received, was never dwelt upon half so much as the uplifting of Christ in his spiritual life, for with both came the crowding out of the love for the world, and an intense longing created to tell the glad news to all of the *complete redemption* of a Saviour's love. He was indeed from that time promoted, in more respects than one, as never before, out of the self-life into the Christ-life, and prepared thus to proceed "from Glory to Glory."

CHAPTER III.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. ix: 37.

I T was not long after this before the Lord began laying upon his heart "the regions beyond," and his attention became attracted especially to the dark Continent, but when the thought of *Africa* came before him, he would in various ways endeavor to escape from *just going* for service in *that* direction, thinking possibly at first of the difficulty of acquiring an unknown language, more than of the Lord; besides he had always entertained more or less an antagonistic feeling towards the colored race. But through various promptings by God's Spirit, bringing to his remembrance certain passages of Scripture, such as, "Go, and I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say," Exodus iv: 12, "And be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord, "the love of God which was implanted already to such an extent in his heart,

began so to assert itself, that not many months elapsed before he was actually on his *way* to Africa, and was enabled to plant, with God's help, the standard of the Lord Jesus in more than one place in that dark land, where the name even of Christ had never yet been heard.

During his time of training for the work, he would spend from three to seven hours daily at his old business, wishing to be responsible for every needed expense. Up at six in the morning starting at his work, though often down in the slums of Mulberry Bend during the night, working for the Master among the very lowest classes. His visits there among the degraded ones will *long* be remembered in more than one heart, and undoubtedly throughout Eternity, he will from time to time shake hands with many he was instrumental in pointing to the Lamb of God in those awful dark haunts of sin upon earth.

Instead of continuing the three years' course of training, as at first intended, God having so laid upon him the needs of Africa, he finally, after three weeks' further waiting for light, wrote to his parents in reference to it,

giving in detail concerning the special leadings, etc., but feeling at the same time he must also have their approval. The next mail brought a most beautiful letter from his dear mother (who not only had consecrated all her children even before their birth to the Lord for whatever service might bring the greatest glory to His name, but has since gone forth herself with her Godly companion and youngest daughter, to that same dark Continent, to there labor for Christ), the substance of which was, "The day you left home to go to the College, going into my room, on my knees, I gave you up more than ever to the Lord, to go wherever He might call you."

This message acted like an inspiration, and the result was, the presenting of himself at once with fourteen other students for Africa. After a somewhat lengthy examination he was the only one accepted. From that moment until he sailed, his life was used more than ever in the salvation of many precious souls, up and down town. One or two little incidents might be given out of hundreds. During a short service that was being held in one of the vari-

ous sub-cellars in the lower part of the city, while others were singing, "Where is my Wandering Boy to-night," he quietly stole up to the side of a young man of about twenty years of age, and asked, "Are *you* that wandering boy?" The tears started to the fellow's eyes, and a few moments later he was born into the Kingdom, and it was discovered he was none other than the son of a Presbyterian Elder, who had wandered away from God, like many boys of his age, step by step, until he had become almost hopeless.

Another night, seated on an old soap-box or deal table, with a crowd of drunken men and women about him, he spent hour after hour explaining in his earnest, straight-forward manner, as he had often done before to them, by the power of the Holy Ghost, the *simplicity* of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, emphasizing the promise, that "Whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And though invariably listened to by these motley groups with most respectful attention (and who can tell what it will all mean later on for the glory of God?) one night one of the

owners of a Cherry Street Dive entered—a very powerful man—and suddenly taking him by force, hurled him through the door, and when landed in the gutter, followed him out with abusive language. In reply, this brave boy simply handed him a tract, stating if he did not care to read it then, he might later on. This only had the tendency of infuriating him the more, and beside himself with passion, he threatened to injure him badly if he would not leave the place. But when upon being informed that he had a *right* if he desired to put him off his own property, but had none *whatever* to interfere with anyone on a public thoroughfare, he was silenced, and this young Disciple of God remained for some length of time afterward, distributing tracts from that gutter to everyone who passed by.

The one great secret for a successful worker was truly early learned of keeping the self quiet and allowing God to speak through even his very actions.

CHAPTER IV.

“My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.”—Phil. iv:19.

THAT summer, before leaving America he was greatly used in many cities and towns outside of New York, and during an all-day meeting he held in Worcester, God so spoke to the heart of Mr. J. P. Grosvenor that he volunteered to support him as his Missionary for one year, at least, when on the field, and has so continued to do up to his entrance into Heaven.

November 27th, 1890, in company with his father and mother and sister Margaret, they started from their home in Philadelphia to New York for the final preparations previous to his leaving them, and though it was to the flesh *hard* to say “Good-bye” to the old home and friends, he felt it was most *blessed* to give up even *those* sacred ties, with the knowledge of being called of God to go forth as His Messenger. (At this time his older brother John—a most Christ-like character—was also preparing

himself for the foreign field, and a few months later was looking forward to joining him in Africa.)

On Friday, the 28th, after a most impressive service the night before, during which he was ordained as a missionary of the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, he started for the ship which put out early the next morning.

The partings were over, and in company with his mother (who intended going with her boy as far as London) they set sail.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather the steamer that was announced to sail from Rotterdam to the Congo did not start until the 7th of January, 1890. The intervening time was filled up in his usual way—more work for the Master. On the 5th, however, he was obliged to say the final "good-bye" to that noble, self-sacrificing mother, and with the words, "I shall see you again," boarded the train and was soon lost to sight. Upon describing the first parting he always recalled it with gratitude and praise for the wonderful reality and love of God that was poured forth upon his sore heart when so needed.

The 15th of January found him opposite to the beautiful island of Maderia, where he spent a few profitable hours with three other missionaries (whose acquaintances were made on ship-board) through the courtesy of Rev. Mr. Smart, a Presbyterian minister on the island.

On the 31st of January, at 6:30 A.M., they anchored at the mouth of the Congo River, opposite Banana. The account he gave of that landing with his own lips was most thrilling and of the country where God had purposed to use him, ending always with this text: "I will exalt thee, Thee, my God, O King, and I will bless Thy name for ever and ever."

CHAPTER V.

"Lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world."—Matt. xxviii: 20.

JUST here, possibly, it would be well to quote from his diary :

"Feb. 4th, 1891.—Arriving at Banana and looking around upon the motley crowd of almost naked heathen running hither and thither like sheep without a shepherd, my heart cried out to God that many more laborers might be sent forth into the harvest field. * * *

I was greatly surprised during my journeys to find so many graves—not, however, of missionaries, but a large number of them of white travellers having yielded their lives to the dust of Africa in their search for uncertain riches.

"The population of Banana is made up of a few white men and a large number of natives from Sierra Leone, Accra Kru Coast, Liberia, Kabindo, Loango and from some of the interior tribes of the Upper Congo. Many of this muscular tribe unloaded the principal part of our

cargo. One of the company, evidently admiring my red belt, stole quietly up to my side, and questioned in broken English whether I was his friend. I answered in the affirmative. He looked pleased and exclaimed: 'You live,' (this is the way of asking if you are well). I answered: 'I very much live.' His next question revealed the drift of his conversation: 'You be my friend, you give me that belt.' I was very soon aware that I was in the midst of a people that were not afraid to ask for anything, even to the best coat that a man had to wear.

"When coming in actual contact with the superstition of these poor, deluded people my heart cried out, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' And was *glad* to know that *our* sufficiency is of *God*.

"After leaving Banana (which happened to be a great market day with the natives) in company with others journeying in the same direction, we reached Boma early in the evening, but on account of the provisions giving out, we were obliged to satisfy ourselves with a little bread and a glass of water, but were grateful

for a good night's rest, and started off the next day to continue our journey." * * *

If time and space would but permit, many very interesting details could be furnished after reaching his field of action; but, as it is desired to give a more lengthy account of his later efforts in that Dark Land, a few extracts from personal letters will but be recorded:

"CONGO, May 13th, 1892.—The year that has gone has been one full of trial, yet of rich blessing to my soul. There have been some very serious hindrances in the way, over which I would rather draw a veil than to expose to the light of day, but thanks be unto God, He has removed one of the drawbacks, and my heart rejoices within me with very great joy.

"For the year 1891 there is little to report, not very much aggressive work being done in the preaching of the Gospel on account of not possessing a sufficient hold of the language. One brick house was built—most of the work of which being done by the hands of my companion and myself.

"During the months of 1892 the Lord has signally blessed our efforts. I have been able to

open a school, the average attendance of which is eighteen, ranging from men of sixty years down to boys of six. Public service is held twice daily, and every opportunity that I could I embraced in speaking in different towns far and near, preaching Christ crucified, risen and coming again. Being entirely alone for months upon my station I have not been able to be away for any great length of time, but whatever efforts have been put forth God has asserted Himself, and I cannot but see and feel the workings of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of many.

"On the 12th of March God called Home to Glory my dear brother John. His life here was short, but full of great blessing—I feel the Mission has lost a faithful laborer, while I have lost the sweet companionship of a gentle, loving and self-sacrificing brother. From that time on to April 15th, I was once more entirely alone." * * *

This older brother referred to was one of God's most consistent and faithful followers from a tiny child—his one thought and purpose in life seemed ever to be to glorify God, and

when called to the Mission field he most heroically and joyfully went forth, glad even to lay down his life, if need be, for the Master upon that dark land. And in so doing the Lord used it in speaking to others who have since gone forth as well as to his dear sister Margaret's heart concerning her going to Africa, and which she did a few years later.

Truly a path of thorns has been trodden over by this most remarkable family during the past few years; and yet the bruises incurred are scarcely ever referred to, except in connection with the marked manifestation of God's presence in the healing of the wounds thus made.

Looking forward to a life of much usefulness in co-partnership with his beloved brother John, it was indeed a sore, sore trial to be obliged day after day, and night after night, to sit by his side, isolated from any who might have proved a comfort or assistance at the time while trying to bring himself to realize *what* it would mean when all was over to be even more than ever shut off in that foreign land through his absence.



IN HIS AFRICAN ATTIRE.

CHAPTER VI.

“I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

Heb. xiii: 5.

FINALLY the day came—what followed is almost too sacred even to attempt to describe; in fact, only those who knew him the best have even been able to gather but a faint idea of the almost speechless sorrow that filled his lonely heart. With his own hands he was obliged to make the coffin. Next came the digging of the grave, and the laying of him away. The funeral service was most solemn and the stillness only broken by the words that came forth from his lips, but being so grounded and rooted in Christ he endeavored even then only to see the bright side of the cloud in that dark, dark hour, and with an heroic and holy determination he gave himself up more than ever for the spiritual welfare of that heathen land, over the new made grave.

One expression from his letters explained better his position than another could attempt

to give it ; referring to this most trying time in his life: “ Hold up my hands in prayer, and by God’s grace I shall enter in and possess the land for Christ. Whatever may be started shall be done in His name and for His glory, and the results I leave in the hands of Him who has said: ‘ My word shall not return unto me void.’ ”

During one month alone, shortly after this tremendous trial, he held 104 public services, walking over two hundred miles to accomplish this (as he laughingly remarked in another letter:) “ My congregations are very scattered.”

In one of these tours for God he gives a most touching description of what was accomplished after having preached Jesus for nearly two hours or more. A very old heathen man, having most attentively listened, came tottering up to where he stood, and after asking a few most searching questions, became somewhat satisfied that the blood of Jesus could even cleanse away *his* sins, and while opening his heart to the Saviour, closed his conversation by asking with deep pathos, in trembling tones (while the tears were glistening in his eyes):

“Why didn’t you tell us the story sooner ; why didn’t you let us know?”

A CRY FROM AFRICA.

Preach the gospel in the region beyond you. II Corinthians x : 16.

“Why didn’t you tell us sooner?”

The words came sad and low ;

“O ye who knew the gospel truths,

Why didn’t you let us know ?

‘The Saviour died for all the world,

He died to save from woe ;

But we never heard the story,

Why didn’t you let us know ?

You have had the gospel message,

You have known a Saviour’s love ;

Your dear ones passed from Christian homes,

To the blessed land above.

Why did you let *our* fathers die,

And into the silence go,

With no thought of Christ to comfort,

Why didn’t you let us know ?

We appeal to you, O Christians,

In lands beyond the sea !

Why didn’t you tell us sooner,

Christ died for you and me.

Nineteen hundred years have passed

Since disciples were told to go

To the uttermost parts of the earth and teach ;

Why didn’t you let us know ?

You say you are Christ's disciples ;
That you try his work to do ;
And yet His very last command
Is disobeyed by you.

'Tis indeed a wonderful story !
He loved the whole world so,
That He came and died to save us,
But you didn't let us know !

O souls, redeemed by Jesus,
Think what your Lord hath done !
He came to earth and suffered,
And died for every one.
He expected you to tell it,
As on your way you go ;
But you kept the message from us !
Why didn't you let us know ?

Hear this pathetic cry of ours,
O dwellers in Christian lands !
For Africa stands before you,
With pleading outstretched hands ;
You may not be able to come yourself,
But some *in your stead* can go.
Will you not send us teachers ?
Will you *not* let us know ?"

G. P. TURNBULL.

And may God grant that it may open the
eyes of all who read as to what is expected

from one who professes to yield themselves to Him.

In the latter part of 1892, having had many repeated attacks of fever most prevalent there, his constitution becoming so shattered, the Superintendent on the field insisted with others that he should return to America, which he very reluctantly consented to do. Being so ill at the time he was obliged to be carried all the way for miles to the ship, and for several months after arriving on these shores, notwithstanding prostrated turns from the effects of that fearful African disease, he worked most incessantly, not only in public to impress the necessity upon the hearts of the people to do what they could for that dark land, but utilized every occasion presented in private conversation as well.

CHAPTER VII.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.”—Matt. xxv: 40.

MANY instances of a most interesting character took place in the school work—one especially, which God has greatly used in America on the subject of true giving, will be quoted, as told from his own lips, afterwards put into tract form as following :

MATUNDU AND HIS BLANKET.

P. CAMERON SCOTT.

Perhaps, first of all, I had better tell you who Matundu is, and then you will better understand the story which I am about to relate.

Matundu Ky, is a little black boy, about thirteen years of age, born in the Congo Free State, Central Africa. He was a slave in African bondage six months previous to the time I am writing about. African children do not know much about love; they are born, brought up, and die in total darkness, and yet, we have learned from experience that they are just as

capable of loving, after having received the grace of God in their hearts, as are the children of Christian parentage.

It has been my custom to give every school-boy a nice red blanket to protect him from the chilly night air, and each boy takes great delight in his blanket, and holds it as his most precious treasure. Matundu was the first boy the Lord sent me, and he was faithfully taught in the word of God daily. Twelve boys were added to the school; each boy having in his possession a nice "Red Blanket." A thirteenth boy came along, but no blanket to give him, they had all been given away. Now came the test. Matundu was called aside; we took a little walk; together we sat under a large banana tree and talked of God's goodness. The Master put it into my heart to test the boy, so I said "Matundu, the Lord has sent a new boy to attend school, but my blankets are all gone, so have none left for the new boy; will you please give him yours?"

The boy looked at me in astonishment and said, "Why do you ask me to give up my blanket? Am I not one of the first boys you ever had? ask one of the newer boys!"

I explained to him that the very reason I asked him, was because he *was* the first boy on the station, and therefore knew more about the sacrifice Jesus made when He left heaven, coming to earth to suffer for us ; and because of His great sacrifice, we also ought to sacrifice the one for the other.

His little black chin dropped on his naked breast, and for a few moments he thought in silence ; then looking up, he smilingly said, " I will give him *half* of my blanket."

Looking solemnly at the boy for a moment, I answered ; " No Matundu, my boy ; Jesus wants a whole-hearted consecration or nothing."

Again his head dropped, and this time he considered the subject quite seriously, and as I watched his little black countenance, I could see a struggle was going on ; but finally, he looked up again, and said : " Can we not *both* lie under one blanket ?"

The answer came : " No Matundu ; every boy must have his own bed and blanket." At this point I dropped the subject altogether, not referring to the blanket again. As we sat under the tree, we spoke of the love of Jesus, and the

wonderful redemption which he had purchased for mankind. My heart was filled with love for the boy, and went out much in prayer for him. Fully half an hour elapsed, and on looking into his face, found the tears coursing down his cheeks like rain. On inquiring what was the matter, the words came distinct and clearly, "Mono zolele kwami vana Milanda divungu diami." "I want to give my blanket to Milanda."

After asking why he wanted to give it up, also telling him that it took five months to get blankets from England, he answered :

"No matter ; I want to do it for Jesus' sake." He immediately arose, got his blanket, and going to the new boy, said : "Milanda ; in the name of Jesus I give you my blanket."

It was the "widow's mite," all she had. The blanket was all the boy possessed that was of any value, but he rejoiced to part with it, because the love of God had penetrated, and found lodgment in his little heart.

That same night, after evening prayers, I called Matundu into my tent, and taking a blanket from my bed, said : "Matundu, the

Lord told me to give you this blanket." He looked at it for a moment, then looking at me, rushed from my tent to his little hut, and as I followed him out, I could hear him sobbing out his heart to God in thankfulness for giving him a blanket ten times better than the one given away.

Oh! friends; we talk about sacrifice; but can we not learn a lesson from the little African slave boy? He gave his all, that he might make the heart of Jesus glad; and cause another black boy to rejoice. Is there not something you can give up? Isn't there a blanket stored away in your garret somewhere that you might sell to send the gospel to the heathen world lying in darkness? I am sure the Master would have you do something to spread the glorious message of salvation which He has purchased with His blood. God is calling for sacrifices; shall we not lay our all on the altar, and let the Master Himself dispose of it as He shall see fit!

"He that taketh not His cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of Me."

Do you desire to be worthy of Him? Prove your worthiness.

In these days of wonderful opportunity for the Master, a great deal is said about giving, consecration, and faith, which amounts to nothing more than mere sentimentality ; but sentimentality will never accomplish anything unless backed up by a life of practice.

The life of the Lord Jesus was intensely practical. We read in Matthew ix : 36 ; “When *He saw* the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them because they fainted, and were *scattered* abroad, as sheep having *no shepherd* :” The compassion of Jesus led Him *to do something*. He gathered the disciples together, explained to them the situation, and then He said : “Pray.” But the Master *did not stop* with an “exhortation to pray” ; for in Matthew x : 1, we read : “And when He had called unto Him His twelve disciples, He gave them power ;” and “Sent them forth,” saying, “As ye go preach, saying the kingdom of heaven is at hand.” Of course this was a special command to His chosen twelve ; but He takes us all in when He gave the last command : “Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature,” Mark xvi : 15 ; and “Ye shall

receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you : and ye shall be witnesses unto me, both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," Acts i : 8.

We are all responsible to a certain extent for the condition of the world as it is to-day ; we have all been called ; some to go to the fore front of the battle, others to hide away in quiet and hold up those who go to the front, in prayer, and others again to give of their substance.

Shall anyone be slack in taking up the work God has given us to do ? We are all dependent one upon the other ; he that goes to the front, must go willingly and gladly, those who pray must pray fervently and believingly, and those who give, must give liberally. " There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty : The liberal soul shall be made fat : and he that watereth shall be watered also himself," Proverbs xi : 24, 25.

Listen for a little while, and methinks you will hear the cry coming from eight hundred and fifty-six million of souls in heathen dark-

ness: "Brother we are perishing, come over and help us!"

Pause once more; listen! it is the Master Himself who speaks: "Go to my brethren, and say unto them, *I ascend* to my Father, and your Father, and to my God, and your God," John xx: 17. "*Go ye therefore*, and teach all nations."

What have you done in the past for those in darkness? What will you now *begin* to do? May the Lord enable you to lay your all upon the altar; and then you shall hear the words of commendation from the Master's own lips: "She hath done what she could."

WHAT AN EXAMPLE FOR THE CHRISTIAN AT HOME!

How very few, comparatively speaking, understand what true charity really is; and how many gifts presented for this or that object, the amount being hastily decided, not first by asking the question, "How much, Lord, am I prompted by *Thee* to give even though I may feel it keenly, but rather, how much will I put

my name down to that which will not cause *too* great a sacrifice," forgetting in so doing, they are actually robbing themselves of the blessing that is *sure* to re-act upon the other form of bestowing ; what, after all, is really not their own if truly desiring to be a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I will go before thee . . . I will give thee the treasures of darkness."—Isa. xlv: 2, 3.

AFTER many months of most earnest devotion to the Master's work in various States of our Union, and greatly used and honored of God, notwithstanding many serious trials from time to time, in the Summer of 1894 this dear young servant of God spent six months once more in his native country, and also in England, working most incessantly in Churches, Tabernacles, Halls, and Drawing-Rooms, with but one desire in his heart, that God might be continually glorified through his life to the salvation of souls, and upbuilding of Christians, and to the urging of all to see the necessity of spreading the Gospel, even to the uttermost parts of the earth. During these six months God especially laid the needs of East Africa upon his heart—night and day he was more or less waiting upon Him for guidance concerning His purpose in so doing, and almost

every spare moment was spent in making most careful and prayerful researches as touching the coast and the interior of that part of the country. His thought was, if God so ordered, to open a line of Mission Stations along the mountain regions until reaching the shores of Lake Tchad, which was nearly two thousand miles in the interior, in the region of the Soudan, where over ninety millions of people are still under the superstition of heathenism.

While most actively engaged in Scotland, in December, he received two cablegrams urging his immediate return to Philadelphia to undertake a work among the various colleges of Pennsylvania, in hopes of stimulating the young men to engage in more active and aggressive missionary efforts. Taking this as the prompting of God's Spirit, he answered the call, and was most gloriously used to establish in the hearts of hundreds a desire to go forth and do likewise. It was in this way he became so closely associated with Mr. Charles E. Hurlbert, who is now President of the Africa Inland Missionary Council, and his co-workers, Mr. James. H. McConkey, the

Messrs. Arthur, and others. After much prayerful conversation, and days of waiting on God with these dear friends, he finally exposed his heart more fully to them concerning the founding of what is now recognized as the Africa Inland Mission.

There are many most touching accounts that could be written in connection with the final forming of this already wonderful work, and later on possibly a fuller description may be given in another form.

It was suggested that a Missionary Council should be organized for the purpose of representing the work here in America, also acting as a channel through which any funds contributed might reach those on the field after going forth. This undertaking was placed in humble dependence upon God to supply *all* needs, and although nearly every existing Missionary Board at that time was more or less involved in debt, preventing any new work, nevertheless, though the dear young founder of this great undertaking never made any direct appeals for money, he felt *positive* he could trust the Lord regarding finances, there-

fore began at once to band together the first party.

About this time, in company with Mr. William Arthur (who had, for some months, been deeply concerned for the welfare of Central America), he made a trip down there, being absent about two months, and realizing the great need of some Christian effort being put forth in that direction, he assisted Mr. Arthur, to found what is now known as the Central America Industrial Mission, and ever since, under whose auspices, a definite work for God is being carried on amongst those in nearly as much heathen darkness as Africa itself, though almost in reach of Christian civilization.

Upon his return, after several public services out West, final preparations were made for the Africa Missionaries, and accordingly on August 17th, 1895, a little company of seven left our shores to be joined by another in Scotland, to set their faces toward the dark continent, his faith being amply rewarded in many almost unheard of ways to meet, not only their necessary expenses of the journey, but a surplus on hand for what might arise as they neared their destination.

The provisional love of God is such that He delights to surprise one in this way into a more lively faith, Mark xi: 24. In fact the record of that journey was one of continual testimony of His abounding grace, and most marked approval of the steps taken in obedience to the dictation of His own Divine promptings.

The names of his associates were as follows: Miss Margaret Scott, Miss Reckling, Miss Lindberg, and Messrs. Krieger, Hotchkiss, Severn, and Wilson.

A farewell service was held in Philadelphia, at the Pennsylvania Bible Institute, at the Door of Hope, New York, and one in Brooklyn—all of which were of a most interesting and heart-searching character. In Scotland several other meetings followed, and many hearts were blessed. Before leaving there Mr. Scott was elected as the Superintendent of the Africa Inland Work by the outgoing party itself, also other officers were elected for their then established organization.

CHAPTER IX.

"He shall give His Angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways."—Ps. xci: 11.

THEY were accompanied as far as Paris by Mrs. Scott, his devoted mother, and upon the day of their departure they received the very sad announcement of the death of her youngest son, his brother George—God, however, through His sufficiency, caused them unitedly to stand upon His promises, which never failed, and through His blessed consolation and comfort they committed one another to Him and to the power of that Grace which was sufficient for each, and spoke their last good-bye. The parting between the mother and her dear son and daughter is too sacred to dwell upon. And although each heart was made most sore at this peculiarly trying time, they bravely went forth to do the Master's bidding, and left her in the hands of Him whom they were serving so faithfully; little thinking at the time that through the taking of George Scott a call

to Africa itself was to be born in the very heart and life of the bereaved and lonely traveller on her way back to America, to go forth herself with the remaining ones of her family, even to that distant land, and work with all the others for the salvation of the heathen.

On the 27th of October Mr. Scott and Mr. Krieger landed at Mombasa, leaving the rest of the party temporarily at Zanzibar. All the way from Europe, was again, but one repeated reminder of God's constant love and watchful care. Before starting from those shores, through being unexpectedly delayed over eighteen hours, in answer to prayer the heart of the captain of the steamer was so touched that he kept from sailing until their arrival—to say nothing of the attacks of the wild beasts later on and the warring of the native tribes, leaving them wholly unharmed ; also of the plenteous showers which supplied their extreme need in the desert before reaching their place of labor, while Mission Boards and workers from place to place gave them not only cordial welcome but valuable counsel and help.

Leaving the ladies of the party to be settled

temporarily in Mombasa, the gentlemen started at 10:40 A.M. on the 12th of November, 1895, on a long march for the opening of their first station into the interior. Possibly it would, though, be far more interesting to quote extracts direct from Mr. Scott's own diary as touching this:

"At 10:40 A.M. our caravan moved out, and they looked rather pretty as they strung out in single file in their gaily attired and peculiar costumes, headed by the Safari drum. We reached Makupa at 11:25, which is the ferry crossing from the island to the mainland. To this point many of the women came to say good-bye to husbands and those they held dear. Their leave-taking is not so effusive and affecting as that of Europeans, but to all appearance they are like other mortals, and have their feelings. Our ferriage across to the mainland was limited to a few old canoes, so that it was 2:25 P.M. when we had all crossed over, and at Sungali we caught up with the forty-two camels which form part of our caravan, our whole force numbering about 300. We reached Mazera at 6:20, where we were to camp for the night, but

the last of our caravan did not get in until 9 P.M.

The soldier escort is under the charge of Mr. Ewart, from Zanzibar, sent by the Consul for our protection, owing to the uprising of Mbaruk, an Arab chief." * * *

"As we are now in the disturbed part of country, we set sentinels on guard, and about 9 P.M. we lay down to rest, the Lord giving me this precious text: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.' Mazera to Mwachi, six ; Mwachi to Rabai and back, fifteen ; in all, twenty-one miles."

Nov. 14th.—"This is an early start in the history of my diary, for I must begin recording from 12:15 A.M., at which hour a shot was fired in the camp. Instantly I was out and ready for duty, whatever that might mean. The sergeant was flying though the camp, calling upon the sentinels to 'stand ready,' and 'keep your eyes clear.' Running around the outside of the sentinel and finding the true position of our men, I found them standing with guns ready for war. The cause of alarm was this: 'Two men, supposed to be from Mbaruk's camp, ap-

proached within a short distance of our sentry (undoubtedly to find the best place of attack), and, refusing to answer the challenge, the sentry fired upon them. Of course, there was no more sleep and I occupied myself with walking around the camp to keep the men on the look-out. Two texts came forcibly to me while on duty, 'Watch and pray.' 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him.' The whole camp was astir by 4 A.M., and at 5 we were ready for the march, but found that nine men had decamped, leaving their loads to be carried by the *askari*. We reached Maji Chumbi at 10:45, and found the camp secure." * * *

Nov. 17th.—"We are astir early, as Mr. Ewart and his soldiers are returning to the coast, and we are glad to have this opportunity of sending off news. We got our caravan under way at 5 A.M., but it was 5:30 before I could leave with the last man. The country through which we pass is for the greater part through cactus jungle, and much of it has never been trodden by the feet of man. We reached Masima Tyare at 7 A.M., and here we camped, hearing that we

would get no water until reaching Voi, a distance of fifty miles, and this is not a pleasant outlook under a tropical sun. About 9:30 A.M., Mr. Simmons, one of the engineers of the road, passed by on his way to the coast with a small caravan. He had forty bullocks when leaving Ndi, but only twenty-nine were left, eleven having died on the way for lack of water. There was much parleying among the men about starting on our journey again, and the lack of water makes it difficult to know what to do. However, we have decided to make a start this evening and march all night, if possible."

* * * * *

Nov. 18th.—“We had not been asleep many minutes when the rain began to pour, and crawling closer together we praised God for the rain, for now we have some hope of getting water in the desert. By 3:30 A.M. we were all astir, and soon the headman was chasing around to awaken the porters. Our breakfast consisted of cold rice, for we could spare no water to make tea. We left camp at 4:30 and leaving the headman to bring up stragglers we pushed

on, arriving at Mazima Mitatu, but finding no water we continued our journey until we reached Maunga Dogo, a hill about 3 000 feet high. Hearing from some natives that there was water on top of the hill, we decided to camp. We put into camp, by hard walking, at 9:40, but the porters did not put in an appearance until 12:30, and there was much rejoicing among the poor fellows when they heard there was water. One begins to appreciate the full force of Scripture when it says they camped because 'there was much water there.' We are now being quite well supplied with fresh meat, as some of us managed to get a small antelope or two frequently, which helps along our chop box very much. To-day I shot a young deer and wanted to give it to the headman, but he being a Mohammedan could not accept it because its throat had not been cut by one of his own persuasion. Oh, the superstition of those who have a false religion! It is harder to reach them than those who are called heathen and have no form of worship.

" Had an interesting talk with my boy Faraja to-day, in the Congo language, and when I asked

him why he did not believe in Jesus, he answered: 'No one ever taught me that story before.' It seems strange that one should be able to give such an answer in the nineteenth century! The headmen and camel men came in to see me this evening requesting me to stop here on the morrow to give camels and porters rest, and we have concluded to remain. Heavy rains at night, many flies, mosquitoes and creeping things in this camp."

* * * * *

Nov. 22d.—"Left at 6 A.M. expecting a day's hunting, and hoped to get some fresh meat by the operation. We were unable to get within shooting distance of anything except two fine specimens of the eland family. One shot from my rifle caused them to flee, and the next time we saw them they were about two miles distant. Saw three beautiful ostriches in the distance but they seemed to scent danger. Returned to Ndi camp about 2 P.M. very weary, but gladdened to see that all our porters had arrived safely from Rabai. I had a busy time all afternoon and night getting the men and loads re-arranged, and I find we have fifty-two

loads and porters, ten askari, five boys, one cook and two headmen, with five missionaries, making in all seventy-five. It is a difficult matter arranging their names and numbers, because some of them have many names, and they have exchanged their registered check numbers, so that the numbers do not fit the names, or the names the numbers. But finally the job was completed, each man assigned to his load, 804 pounds of rice given out to them as food, which is to do them for seven days, and once more the camp is enjoying comparative peace and plenty. Had quite a number of sick porters to doctor to-day; poor fellows, no wonder they get ill, considering their heavy loads, wet weather and no proper shelter along the way.

"Had dinner with Mr. Wise, who has so kindly entertained us while camping here. We cannot repay him for his kindness, but we trust in God to bless him."

* * * * *

Nov. 25th.—"Soon after arising this morning, Faraji came with the sorrowful news of two porters running away during the night and carrying with them the clothes belonging to

the boys and cook. Provision had to be made for the loads, so that it was 6:20 before I got away from camp. Before long I had left most of the porters in the rear, and came upon a group of men sitting upon their boxes. They had appointed a committee of two to wait upon me, requesting that a flag be carried at the head of our caravan. After telling them that my flag was left at the coast, they suggested a piece of red cloth would do, but I told them that was the sultan's flag, and they have decided to remain without one for the present.

"At 7 P.M. we had a real blessed meeting with the Rabai men and other of the porters, and the Lord gave us a glorious gathering together, singing, praying, and the little talk was translated by A. C. David. Some of the Rabai men seem to be earnest Christians and it is a delight to worship with them and hear them sing."

* * * * *

Nov. 28th.—"This is Thanksgiving Day in America, and we fail not to give thanks here to God for all His goodness unto us His children, since leaving home, and especially since leaving the coast, for we have been preserved in the

waterless desert, in the sunshine and rain, and we have lacked no good thing. Why our Father has been so merciful and gracious to us I know not, but one thing I am assured of, it is not because of any worthiness in us, but only out of the abundance of His grace, through the merits of our Lord and Saviour, Christ.

" O thou my soul bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is;
Be stirred up, His Holy name,
To magnify and bless."

* * * * *

Dec. 3d.—The rain and the lions started about the same time—at midnight, and kept it up until 5 A. M. The lions did make an awful noise, and the poor fellows who had camped on the outskirts were glad to crawl in near our tents. Faraji lay in the door of my tent all night, ready to be of service. Owing to the heavy rain, it was a difficult matter keeping up the camp fires, and the lions approached very near, and had I been feeling well, I should have been out with my rifle.

* * * * *

Dec. 4th.—In coming to a swamp, Faraji

volunteered to carry me over in order to keep my feet dry. He had not proceeded far when down he plunged into a hole, and we both got soaked, so there was nothing else to do but walk on, and at 9 A. M. we reached Mwani, where I sunk down almost helpless, having a heavy chill which lasted until noon, followed by violent fever. I was not alone, however, for soon Fred took to bed followed by Willis, and then Walter gave in, and only Lester was left to care for the camp. The situation seemed almost ludicrous to me, and although very sick, yet I could not suppress the laughter, but I am thankful to be able to prescribe for the others. Mr. Ellis called in the afternoon, one of the engineers of the road, and found us all in bed except Lester. This is a government station in the process of erection. Mr. Trefuses, of S. M. Co., from whom we expected to get our trading stock is away in Kikuyu, and thus all things work together for good. The Lord is good to all; "He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." My heart is full of praise.

Dec. 5th.—I was able to crawl out this morn-

ing, and begin my work proper as doctor, but feel awfully weak, and scarcely able to take care of others. Willis also got up this morning, but he had to take to his bed again with return of high fever. Fred is feeling very miserable to-day, and very weak, with temperature standing at 103. Walter is still in a bad way, but I trust he will soon be better. This is the place and time when all our Christian patience and fortitude is put to the test, and it brings out what is really in man, showing our many weaknesses and shortcomings. But how very little we have to bear, when compared to the "Man of Sorrows," who suffered the "Just for the unjust." May the Lord grant unto us His own love and patience, that we may be living examples of all the virtues of His life. Oh, that we might, like our "Great Example," rebuke fever, and raise up those who are suffering, through faith in His name! Lester is feeling a little seedy, and will probably be down soon.

Mr. Ellis came in to-night, bringing the news of Mr. Dick's death, one of the transport agents, in an encounter with the Masai. If reports are true, hundreds were killed. Will poor Africa

never be at rest? Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; then rest we shall !

Dec. 10th.—My heart is full of praise this morning for the multitude of God's loving kindnesses and tender mercies. My patients are almost well; Walter is able to be up, and although Lester is very weak, yet there is very great improvement in his condition.

Dec. 11th.—Spent the whole day writing out my diary for mother. What a pleasure to do this for one you love; how irksome this would be otherwise. The deputation has not come from the hills to see us to-day, and, if all is well, on the morrow we shall move onward. Lester is able to be up to-day, and so our circle is complete once more.

Dec. 12th.—Left Mwani at 9.30 this morning, and had a hard tramp over the hills. Saw a beautiful spot for a station, the only question being that of water supply. There is plenty during this season of the year, but whether it lasts through the dry season we cannot find out. Reached Nzawi at 4 P. M. very tired. Judging from the fertile valleys and cultivated patches, there must be plenty of people in this district,

but they seem to have a faculty of hiding their villages in the hills. To-night as we camp at the foot of Mount Nzawi, which is 6,100 feet high, the rain is coming down in torrents. We have decided to leave the camp as it is to-morrow, and four to go out prospecting.

Dec. 13th.—Left Lester in camp this morning, and the rest of us went off on a prospecting tour, Walter and Willis taking one side of the Nzawi River, around the base of the hill, I, with Fred taking the other side, going off in the direction of Kilungu. We saw plenty of villages, great herds of cattle, and droves of goats, and the whole country round has the appearance of peace and plenty. As might be supposed, the people have all laid siege to the most desirable places, and yet there are spots left that would make delightful sites for mission premises. The people are not at all adverse to our coming, and in some cases, seem rather anxious to have us. Walked many miles, getting back to camp at 4 P. M."

CHAPTER X.

"The Lord of hosts is with us the God of Jacob is our refuge."—Ps. xlv: 7.

On Saturday, December 14th, at 8.30 A. M. they encamped in Nzawi Valley, making arrangements with the natives for settling down in their midst; afterward receiving the sanction of Her Majesty's District Commissioner at Machakos, and granting commission land for buildings and cultivation; and, later giving free permission to build stations *wherever* they pleased. This first station is situated about four thousand feet above sea-level, at the base of Mount Nzawi, which is 6,100 feet high—the buildings are on a little hillock overlooking the Nzawi Valley, to the Northeast of Mount Kilima Njaro, about 250 miles from the coast— $1\frac{1}{2}$ degrees South Latitude, and $37\frac{1}{2}$ degrees East Longitude—the temperature, though very high at mid-day, actually dropping at night to 50 or 60 degrees cooler. The people, the Wakamba, thickly settled in villages near by, present indeed a field for missionary work.

Notwithstanding the enormous expenses connected with even this expedition, as before, in answer to prayer, they were readily met. The principal ones being that of the carriers, amounting to six dollars for every sixty-five pounds conveyed from the coast, also other necessary expenditures; for instance, a sack of salt (in Liverpool valued at seventy-five cents) before reaching the interior had swelled up to the enormous price of eight dollars—and in all, the cost of getting the goods to Nzawi amounted to \$1,375.

" Dec. 15th.—Sabbath.—Spent a real blessed, quiet day. Had palaver twice with the head-men, who seem somewhat timid about having the white man see the king ; at any rate he has not returned from his drinking bout, and I have given them to understand that if he is not here by 7 A. M. to-morrow I will begin operations for building.

Dec. 16th.—Monday.—No news from the king at 7 A. M. and I set my men to work, two squads were cutting grass, one squad cutting timber, and another clearing a spot on which to build. It was not long until we had quite a

clearing, and great stacks of grass. The people seeing we meant business, and intended to abide by our word, it had the good effect of bringing the headmen around to talk over things seriously. At 1 P. M. we sat down to hold our palaver with twenty-eight of the headmen of the district, and they immediately set to work by telling me that while they were glad to have the white man among them, yet I must remove to another hill, taking all my friends with me, as the one on which we now were contained the charm upon which they depended for rain. I then took the opportunity of telling them that the God who once flooded the whole earth would give them "rain in due season" if they would love and serve Him. This news fell on their ears lightly, and they heeded not, but persisted that I must remove. I then told them that I was quite willing to move if they gave me a place as good, or better than the present site, and as near the water. They pointed out another hill about a mile away, and said that was a better place, while I persisted it was far away from the water and the people. They answered saying that I could build where I

pleased, but if I remained on the present site all the Wakamba would remove far away and not speak to the white man. I tried to show them the foolishness of such a proceeding since the white men had come as friends to do them good. After a certain amount of palaver, they willingly gave us the place to do as we pleased, and have promised to sell us food and carry loads from Mwani. We separated, after having palavered back and forth two hours and a half, and, as far as I can judge, we are the best of friends, and thanks are due to Faraji and the headmen for faithfully interpreting our story to them. About an hour after the palaver, one of the elders, who was most strongly opposed to our settling, came up to make a contract to serve us with milk, and has agreed to give us a quart night and morning for four rupees per month. Another old man has promised as much as he can without pay. A lot of timber and grass gathered to-day for a temporary house. The porters came in from Mwani, bringing with them all the loads. Busy night, preparing to leave for Machakos in the morning. The African is a funny fellow to deal

with. At one moment he is strongly opposed to you, and if you beat him in argument, he yields everything !”

* * * * *

Dec. 21st.—Saturday.—Had a busy day getting things set to rights and making a few alterations in the house ; got all the frame work finished to-day, and the boys are pleased with their work. Good timber is hard to find. Spent some time to day investigating the stone in the vicinity, hoping to get enough for a house, but found good stone very scarce. The men are busy getting grass for roof and timber for beds, while Walter is laying out the place.

Dec. 22d.—Sabbath.—A day of quiet rest, the Lord being precious to us all. In the afternoon I went off to the village with Faraji and Hamisi to have a talk with the people, and I realize that only the power of God can move them.

Dec. 23d —Monday.—The men all working their very best to-day endeavoring to finish the house. By 5.30 P.M. the last handful of grass was put on and the house ready for occupancy. My heart rejoices to see this comfortable little house, 14 x 30 feet, ready for my brethren before

I return to the coast. The frame work for a cook-house was also completed to-day, the station plan (ground plan) measured, and laid out, and forwarded to Machakos, and the plans completed for another house. There are many preparations to make for my journey to the coast—hair cutting, getting traveling kit ready, etc., so that it had crept into morning before I got swung into my hammock. Here I must leave you for the present, as my return journey is to be a quick one, and will not admit of letter writing, but I hope to continue in the near future.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

P. CAMERON SCOTT.

By December 23d, the first little house being completed, he left the gentlemen of the party to continue on with their work, feeling sure the second house would be finished by the time of his return with the ladies, who anxiously were awaiting his appearance, he bade adieu to each, and started off to rejoin them, and by traveling quite rapidly accomplished this tremendous journey of 240 miles in nine days.

CHAPTER XI.

**"When a man's ways please the Lord, He maketh
even his enemies to be at peace with him."**

Prov. xvi: 7.

BEFORE starting forth with the ladies it was deemed best to send one of them home. And after she had been carefully provided for, on February 3d, 1896, with a caravan of 110 men, bidding good-bye to the friends of civilization, they all started for the interior, arriving at Nzawi on February 28th, after experiencing many hardships and occasional touches of fever by the way (but with hearts full of gratitude, recognizing God's marvellous loving interpositions) where they received a most hearty welcome, finding a comfortable brick house well nigh completed awaiting their arrival.

It was thought advisable shortly afterwards to open another station, and with this end in view, Mr. Scott set forth on March 11th, towards the district of Sakai.—Before so doing

they celebrated for the first time all together upon that heathen land the Lord's Supper, and experienced a most conscious sense of His presence and benediction resting in their midst, while listening to their dear Superintendent, who took for his subject, " God's companionship, security in His hand, and success through His working," giving them through this brief exposition many a little word of cheer, consolation, and quickening to their faith.—

He pitched his camp a day amongst a very howling and angry mob of natives, who were decidedly opposed to his project of building; but after much trial of faith and earnest waiting upon God, the work was begun, and upon the 18th of March Mr. Hotchkiss was placed in charge, occupying the little grass-house, which had been principally built by Mr. Scott's own hands.

From his diary the following is recorded :

" March 11th.—Wednesday.—Left Nimuyu at 6.15 A. M., accompanied by Mulinda, who has promised to show me the country; but I think the chief reason is he does not want me to build too near his place. We traveled along the

Itindiki, a small stream, which brought us into Saky. We had very much trouble getting a place on which to pitch our camp. No one seemed to want us, and one chief kept passing us on from the one to the other until I got tired of the performance and, settling down on a place, refused to move. After getting my tent up, I armed my men with axes, and set off to cut wood. The Wakamba promised to fight us, and I told them that it didn't make much difference to me what they did, and went into the first clump. A noisy crowd assembled, and they talked loud enough to frighten any one that was inclined to feel that way. After cutting a while, I came up and began laying out the ground plan of the house. A great number of people gathered together, and I began giving them an exhibition of juggling, tumbling, balancing sticks, and axes, and knives, in different ways, and I soon had them all howling with laughter. They seemed to enjoy the exhibition thoroughly, and the handspring especially evoked much praise and admiration. In a little while I had presents of milk, eggs, bananas, and a chicken; and the chief took me where I

could cut up one tree, and promised to give me men on the morrow to show where good wood was to be had. I found that some of the people knew a little about athletics, some of them being able to walk on their hands and bend backwards, touching the ground with their hands, and walk crab fashion. I was glad to be able to do all they did, and more too. I may say these are the first people I have ever met in Africa who made any attempt at such exercise. I am well satisfied with the day's work. The people have plenty of cattle, and cultivate largely, but timber is scarce. It is principally a grass country, and fine grazing for cattle. May the Lord give us grace in the eyes of the people, and may they soon come to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ. The tree given by the chief to day cost my hat as a return present !

March 12th.—Thursday.—This has been a queerly checkered day. The men who promised to show me where to cut wood were not forthcoming, and instead, an absolute refusal to allow me to cut timber. Not wishing to appear contrary, I sent the men off for grass, and soon

a large crowd of chiefs and warriors assembled, headed by Mwynde wa Dungi, who bore a letter dated July 31st, 1895, declaring him to be a friend of Mr. Ainsworth, commissioner of the district. They began in their usual way, by saying they were very glad to have the white man in their midst (for they are very polite), but he must move to another place which they would name. I made many legitimate excuses for remaining where I was, which they would not accept. I finally proposed to move, providing they would give me a better place, and furnish men to carry all the wood and grass I had cut, saying these were the only conditions upon which I would move. The chief immediately gave the order for all the young men to clear out, and forbade them to sell food to my men or myself, thinking probably to starve us out.

The chiefs still sat about my tent talking in an exciting manner, and I promptly told them that since they treated the white man so shamefully, I commanded every one of them to clear out as quickly as possible, which they did. I then went on with my work as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened, expect-

ing them soon to come to their proper senses. They finally came to a decision, and about 2 P. M. returned with a fine ram and an apology, requesting me to stay, and promising *anything* I might desire. I listened patiently to all they had to say, and liberty was granted to cut all the wood I wanted, men were promised to carry loads from Nzawi here. And so God reigns, and His poor unworthy servant triumphs through Him! The chief also said that if any drunken people bothered me, to tie them up, and send for him. If anything gets lost or stolen, I am to notify him, and he will find it for me. These are strange people; one who does not know them would get a fright at times.

March 13th.—Friday.—Things are very much quieter here to-day. The men got a fright in the early morning while cutting wood, the Wakamba threatening to fight them. It has been very difficult getting a tree long enough for a ridge pole, and the people will not show me where to get one, and so I attempted a bold plan. In the afternoon I set off with an axe and two men, determined to have a pole before

returning. I walked straight to a tree that I found they had some reverence for, and made every preparation as though I was going to cut it down. The owner of the field was soon on the spot, and I have rarely seen an African so excited. I paid little attention to him, until the old fellow was almost beside himself, and then I told him that I wanted a tree just like that, and he was very glad to take me where I could get one, and so my ridge pole was secured. I found out later that the other tree marked the grave of some one, and thus the great excitement. I succeeded in nearly completing the framework of the house, and I shall be glad when it is finished. I gave the natives an exhibition on the horizontal bar, which pleased them very much. The Lord is graciously keeping me day by day, and these people, despite their present opposition, are going to come in.

March 14th.—Saturday.—Finished the framework of the house, and put most of the grass on to-day. One of the chiefs came to sell me some beans, and we agreed on the price, four hands of cloth. I measured the cloth, but he did not seem satisfied, and so he undertook to measure

it himself. He deliberately folded the cloth double, and then measured it, making eight hands instead of four, and he went off in a rage because I declined to give it! Another came to sell me sweet potatoes, and I tried him with such trade goods as I had, but we could not strike a bargain. I then offered him a small pasteboard box that I carried candles in, and this seemed to strike his fancy, and so the potatoes were purchased. Another chief brought me a present of milk, bananas, and "mwele," as a present, and so things move on.

March 17th.—Got the house almost completed to-day, also made a table, and I am almost ready for the reception of Bro. Hotchkiss.

March 18th.—Put a mud and sand floor in the house to-day, and cut enough grass and wood to put up another house. Bro. Hotchkiss arrived about 5.15 P. M., a little tired after the journey. He seems pleased with his little house, and we had a precious time in prayer together. Finished Luke's Gospel, and I am enjoying the "Life of Christ" as never before.

March 19th.—Had a long, hard day's work, but it is blessed to remember, when feeling

specially tired and weary, that Jesus Himself was tired when He sat on the well. In the early morning took Bro. H. to see the new site for station. At 8.40 A. M. I bade him good-bye, commending him to the tender mercy of God, and took my departure with seven men and Faraji, my boy.

March 22d.—We continued on our way to the S. W. through Kilala, which is quite well populated, fairly supplied with timber, and apparently very fertile. At noon we rounded a hill called Kilala, and traveled through *Kilungu* W. S. W. At 1.20 we crossed the Keita, and camped on the west bank. This is a much favored district, having plenty of water and timber sufficient for all purposes. During the afternoon I walked about to find out the density of the population, and am much impressed to build a station here.

From the position of the villages in Ukamba, it is evident to me that these people will never be reached by European missionaries. You find villages hid away in the cliffs of most of the hill, five, six, and seven thousand feet high; the work must be done by native evangelists.

Lord hasten the day when we shall see some among the Wakamba. Read through the Book of Acts before going to bed; what a wonderful record of the Holy Ghost's work."

CHAPTER XII.

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God."—Isa xli: 10.

LEAVING Kilungu on March 23d he crossed over the Ngeti hills (6,000 feet high) and was not long in reaching Nzawi Station.

After a brief illness he started off once more on the 28th to Kilungu with the purpose of opening another mission, then back again on the 6th of April, finding one of the missionaries in a very critical condition with fever. His sister being pretty well exhausted from constant attending on the invalid, he took matters into his own hands and sat (as had his custom often been) by the bedside night after night, and when exhausted with this extra service would endeavor to recall all the promises he could bring to mind of God's faithfulness, rejoicing in the fact that He was able to make all grace abound, and thus continue bravely on in his course.

On April 11th, feeling sure by the rapid progress to health made by the sick one, it was safe

to again leave Nzawi, he started back to Kilungu, arriving there 2:30 (having decided where to build). The same day he was greeted by some messengers with the information that he must move the station to another place, as the ground he had selected was sacred to that special tribe who inhabited those regions. He ordered them, however, to bring the chief to where he was, so that they might arrive at a better understanding.

For two or three days being very feverish, even sick (probably through the result of eating some spoiled food, which was the only thing to be had then) he was obliged to lie by for a short space of time, and during those days he occupied the moments by *feasting* upon the Book of Malachi, and well he might, for as far as he was personally concerned all *his* tithes were in the storehouse, and he had a right through obedience to God to look for his continual outpouring of blessing.

A beautiful site was at last chosen in that thickly populated district on the borders of the Kilungu River for the third station to be planted in the name and for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The following day he made a firm friend of one of the head men of the place by giving him an empty Liebeg Beef Extract jar, and on the 18th of April several got to work, and in a few hours a small house, 12 x 18, was hastily erected, and after Mr. Krieger came to take charge of that station he started homeward, finding things in a much better condition than when he left. The buckwheat previously planted was then in bloom, very pretty, and promised to yield a good crop. Their vegetables, such as string beans, squash, beets, etc., were also doing fairly well; and though they recognized the fact that a good garden would soon cut down many of their expenses, yet, under his direction, it was so ordered that only a little more than what they would actually require should be raised, in order to give all the more time in preparing to preach the Gospel of Christ to those who are lost.

The ladies' house of brick at Nzawi consisted of two bedrooms and a dining-room, furnished with the little necessary things in which they each added their taste, making, with the aid of pictures, the rooms look very homelike in

many ways. The second brick house built was very ingeniously planned, near to which stood the large grass house, which had been divided into three rooms, with two sleeping apartments, and a storehouse in it. A small grass house close by was occupied by Mr. Scott himself. Besides this there were four huts, which completed the buildings.

The school was started under the charge of his devoted sister, Margaret, and it was refreshing, he states, to hear from time to time the correct quotations of passages of Scripture, and familiar tunes from the Songs of Zion, sung by these young boys.

Also a dispensary was begun where numbers flocked to be treated, and were most successfully by that same earnest Christian sister and helper.

A short time after this their quiet was broken into, the cause of the interruption being a fight, occasioned by a young man of that District, who had become infatuated with a certain young woman, wanting to have her as his wife, negotiations having been entered into and bargains made (as every woman in Uxamba

is worth so many goats), this one was supposed to bring fifty-four, and he did not consider the price too high. In the meantime, however, another man came upon the scene of action, willing to pay fifty-four for the woman of his choice, and it was none other than the same person before offered for. They met, with about thirty more men, and a great deal of "Lembo" (a native intoxicant) was consumed. Finding the woman preferred to go with the second man, the first one desired to have his goats returned, ending in a free fight and drawn swords. Out at once upon the scene appeared Mr. Scott and Mr. Severn, seized the ring-leaders, and led them off prisoners out of the fray for fear of bloodshed. There had been a fight of a similar character a couple of weeks before, and as he had the task of sewing up the hand and arm of one of these warriors, they desired to save any unnecessary suffering, and succeeded in pacifying them to such an extent that matters were arranged satisfactorily later on.

On May 24th they had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. John Ainsworth (who has extended to

them very many courtesies), on his way to Kilungu to get the transport system thoroughly reorganized.

On June 11th the Driver Ants began to pay all those at Nzawi a most troublesome visitation, driving some of them out of their houses in the middle of the night. In referring to them in his diary he writes that:

June 11th. — "The Driver Ants paid us a visit and at 1 A.M. drove Bros. Wilson and Severn from their house, and they came seeking refuge in mine. In the morning, when we made an examination, we found that they had also gotten into our fowl-house, and imagine our astonishment when we found ten dead chickens lying on the ground. 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise,' Prov. vi:6. 'The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer.' Prov. xxx:25. At home we can scarcely gather the full meaning of these texts of Scripture, because one has not the opportunity of watching these voracious little creatures; but just think! driving two men before them and leaving ten dead fowls on the field of action! It

seems somewhat strange that they always make their raids in the night. I found the same thing on the Congo; for they invariably drove me out between midnight and two o'clock in the morning. No doubt people wonder why we should run from such 'little things,' but imagine yourself covered with crabs, and you have the same sensation as with the ants; they draw blood with their bite sometimes, and if you are unfortunate enough to get half a hundred on you at one time, you are a mortal to be pitied. One can learn many precious lessons from the ants. I do not mean to say that you learn the lessons during the raid, and especially not when you are busily engaged disentangling yourself from their close embrace, unless it be an opportunity for learning a lesson in patience and controlling your temper. But when the daylight begins to dawn, and you see this vast army, commanded by their generals, majors, captains and lieutenants, gathered together in line, about an inch wide, and each little creature hurrying past with all the speed they can command, some of them carrying off their wounded, dead and dying, and the others laden with the

spoil of battle, you are compelled to admit, 'I can learn a lesson from thee, little one,' and that is, 'united effort.' Oh that the whole church of Christ were thus banded together, to go forth in the name of her Lord and Master and attack all the strongholds of Satan, fearing not to attack the very strongest citadel, though there be, 'giants in the land!' But no; her forces are divided; she is rent asunder by sect and schism, and while she is quibbling over some man-made dogma, and many of those who are called shepherds of the flock are tearing, or trying to tear down the foundation of God's building by attempting to prove to us that Moses did not write the Pentateuch, and that every Scripture is not given by inspiration of God, millions are going on in the error of their way without even having heard the blessed name of Jesus. The Devil will have gained a great victory if he can only keep the church of Christ divided against itself. God grant that the body of Christ may be 'knit together in love,' and joined in the bonds of peace, and go forth as one man to the 'uttermost part' of the earth, conquering and to conquer. Much

might be said about these little things, but I will leave you to imagine. Our minds need to be stayed on Him, for the days are evil, and He only is able to keep. My prayer for myself these days is that of Paul, found in Philippians i:20, that 'Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death.' "

CHAPTER XIII.

"Let us draw near with a true heart in full assurance of faith."—HEB. x: 22.

DURING these days of great testings, trials and blessings, while thus so faithfully engaged, and judiciously planning the future work, God was preparing other missionaries to shortly follow in his footsteps. A party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. John Scott, their daughter Ina, Rev. and Mrs. Thomas A. Allen, Mr. Jacob S. Toole, Mr. John W. Codd, and Miss Edwards from Scotland, was formed. Their farewell meetings were held in Philadelphia, Brooklyn and Scotland. On the 13th day of June, from New York, they started forth to catch the steamer leaving London July 10th for Mombasa. All during their trip God again most decidedly showed His approval of the steps they had taken, keeping them not only in health, but delivering them from many little disturbances by the way. They arrived there August 7th, and were obliged for some time to remain in that place on account of the difficulty

in procuring carriers, as a railroad being built into the interior required as many men as possible in its construction.

Through the kindness of the Administrator of Mombasa, Mr. Crawford, one of the government houses was offered to this new party for their occupancy.

Surmounting many difficulties the party at last set forth, and with the exception of Mrs. Scott (who had suffered greatly, and was still, upon arriving, in a very weakened condition) they reached Nzawi in almost comparative health and strength, though most all having had several touches of the fever by the way. At last this family, so called of God to the foreign field, was united once more.

Shortly after the recovery of Mrs. Scott, it was deemed advisable to open up still another station, of which a full account is given in Mr. Scott's yearly report, making in all, four stations within the short space of eleven months.

God has indeed most marvelously owned this Work from its very beginning, and the report of which surely cannot but incite in all hearts a deep interest in this and other moye-

ments to spread the Gospel in the land of such heathenism.

If we will but keep in close fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, walking continually in the newness of life, with but *one* purpose in view, to glorify God, He will indeed but avail Himself of such opportunities to cause the ones so trusting much encouragement and delight in His service as they recognize His handiwork in the accomplishment of His purposes.

Surely the example set forth by this young disciple of the Lord can never be obliterated from the memory of those who knew and loved him, and the prayer of their hearts is that others, too, with them, may go forth and do likewise, whether at home or abroad, with an eye single to the glory of that God in whom he so fully and implicitly trusted.

On February 4th, the most unexpected news arrived of Mr. Scott's sudden departure from this life. The grief of our hearts cannot well be expressed in words, and in this, the time of sorrow, it seems almost inexplicable to understand why *he* should have been thus sud-

denly cut off—being so useful, so fully consecrated to the Master's service, and accomplishing such *great* things for the Kingdom, not only in the establishing of the missions already stated above, but being so divinely used to the encouragement of the faith in the lives of those he was associated with in Africa, and through the accounts of which, from time to time, was so helpful and blessed to those in the homeland, stirring one and all into a greater activity and deeper union with God; but as the Word has prophesied that "What we know not now we shall know hereafter," we must leave the seeming mystery in the hands of Him who doeth all things well, and in His strength allow this very sorrow to be so sanctified to all our lives that we may, through it, press forward all the more determinedly to the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus, while availing ourselves of *every* opportunity offered for the spreading of the Gospel abroad.

The closing days spent upon earth by this honored young disciple were but a repetition—even though in great weakness of body—of his constancy to God when in health, thinking and

planning up to the last for the cause of Christ and the welfare of others, while being lovingly nursed by his precious mother (whose very example of yielding her all to the Master from his very infancy, and crowning it by joining her children upon that dark land for the same purpose that sent them forth, has not only proved to his own heart an inspiration continually but should be a *loud* call to thousands of mothers to give their best to God and for the salvation of the world.)

The description of those latter days spent upon earth of that dear young Superintendent, is one most glorious testimony of the power of God's all.sufficiency.

From the very first of that illness, when *compelled* through suffering and increased weakness to resort to his bed, no look of death nor dread marred his countenance, and when conscious, his one theme was the grandeur and glory of the Better Land.

Surely the richest of His grace had been victoriously entered into, for even while during the hours of his delirium, Jesus, and only Jesus, occupied his thoughts.

Once at such a time his attention was diverted by the repeating of a text of Scripture, and hearing one of the workers in the room saying : "Let me see, *where* is that to be found ? I've forgotten ?" He called out gently, but with authority, in his native tongue, "Oh ! if ye've *only* got it in yer heid, it'll no dae ye muckle guid." What a lesson ! not only for those sorrowing hearts who listened with tearful faces, but for *all* who may read these pages.

Upon another occasion he imagined he must go home, and was expected to speak at some gathering, but was concerned about what he should say while urging his mother to accompany him. When she quietly remonstrated by telling *him* he was too weak ; after a moment of silence he replied, "Well ma, I've got the thought now, you will go with me, and can sit beside me and hold me up, and *then* the Lord will fill me."

On his diary was found entered on the 23d of November, these words : "Another very weak spell to-day, in fact, I seemed to feel near the gate that leads to the "Beyond," but God was there. I did feel to depart and be with Christ

would be far better, so far as I was concerned, and yet I desire to live for the extension of Thy kingdom Lord.

* * * * *

This day, and several preceding ones, should have been spent in bed, but being so ambitious, and full of zeal, he kept up at his work for hours at a time, but was finally obliged to succumb, and though too ill to again arise, his voice was heard continually delivering many God-given messages, and though often but feebly spoken, the impressions made upon those who listened were for Eternity.

He dwelt also much upon the responsibility which rested upon all in regard to "redeeming the time," stating "although many say I am rather *extreme* upon these lines, *that* don't matter, for our Saviour's own words are good enough for me." Yes, even through sickness and suffering, steadily did he press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. "To sum it all up, it could be justly put that, that courageous and consistent life was in *every* particular 'separated unto the Gospel of God,' " not in words alone, but in

very act. This was even recognized by the poor heathen boys he possessed such an influence over on his Station, who proved their loyalty so often to him, when after being absent for a few days upon catching sight of him returning over the hills, even at a distance, they would rush to meet him with faces all aglow with the love of their young hearts shouting "Bwana" (Master).

About an hour or so before passing into the presence of His Lord, he audibly prayed for those present, and whom he loved, then calling each one by name who were standing by the bed, asked, "Are your hands off?" (One of his favorite modes of expression when desiring to illustrate that God could *never* do effective work until *everything* was fully surrendered and hands withdrawn. O, if this could but be kept indelibly impressed upon every heart, a greater dependence upon Him whose name we bear, would be the result, to say nothing of what it would all mean "to the praise of His glory."

Upon each in turn answering, "Yes, Peter," he appeared satisfied, and after a second or so of silence, after definitely claiming before them

all a very conscious sense of the everlasting arms of the Lord of Hosts being round about him, he triumphantly entered into the Eternal City on that 4th day of December, 1896.

After the power of speech had departed, just before breathing his last, his lips were seen to move repeatedly, as if holding communion with the unseen, and the occasional smile which would light up his face to almost radiancy, convinced those who were so tenderly regarding him, that his eye was indeed beholding in recognition those dear to his heart who had gone before, and were then awaiting his coming into the presence of the Lord he so devotedly loved and for whom he so *incessantly* labored.

May all who read this little book, prayerfully hold before God, his fond parents, and sisters, also their co-laborers now still upon the field, that they may be ever kept in such close touch with Him as to receive abundantly of His comfort, strength, and grace, and thus through this sore affliction now experienced, be all the better equipped to carry out the thought born of the Holy Ghost, to be accomplished for dark Africa in the heart of their Christ-like son, Superintendent and Leader.

Before giving the First Annual Report of the Africa Inland Mission, by the one we so honored, it would be well to present the following letter, written by his loved Sister Margaret, which to even a most skeptical mind, upon perusing it, could not but be convinced of the existence of a God, and One who knows well how to comfort and uphold those that put their trust in Him. Indeed "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him," Nahum i : 7:

NZAWI UKAMBA,
B. E. AFRICA,
10th Dec., 1896.

*To the Philadelphia Missionary Council of the
A. I. M.:*

"Grace be to you, and peace from God our *Father*, and from the Lord Jesus Christ. Blessed be God, even the *Father* of our Lord Jesus Christ, the *Father* of mercies, and the God of all comfort ; who comforteth us in all our tribulation, *that* we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort where-with we ourselves are comforted of *God*."

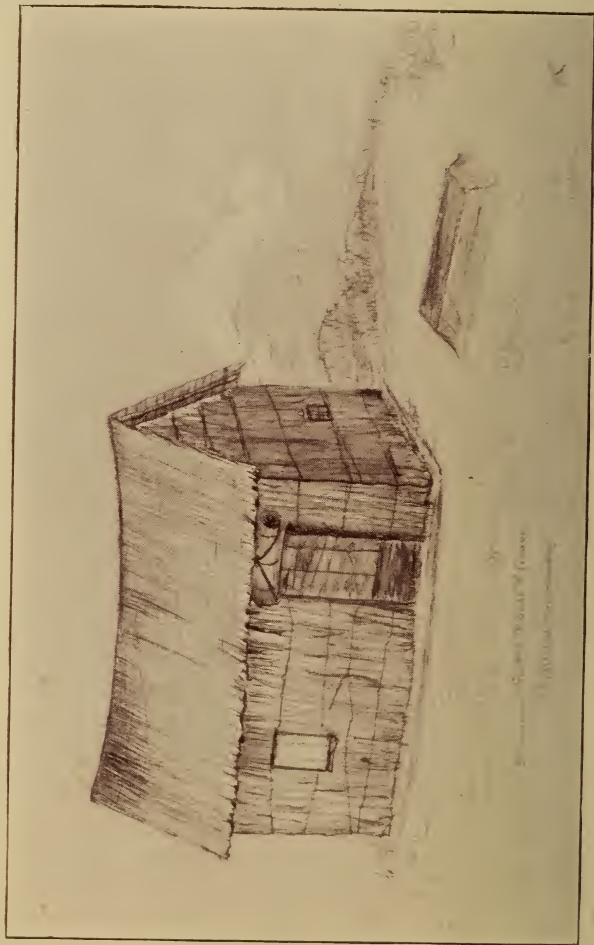
How shall I put into words all that is in my heart to write you of the hand of our God and *Father* who has been so manifestly in our midst, and who has taken unto Himself our leader and our captain, my beloved brother Peter? We hardly realize it here yet, because our lives have been so busy in these last few days, but his voice is still, his presence is no more among us, his grave, as we pass out and in, speaks to us of his rest and peace, and our hearts cry out in their sorrow and anguish for the comfort which only God our *Father* can and *does* bestow. To you who knew him so well, I need not say that he was faithful to the death, for his life was one continual round of service for the Master he loved so well, and looking at it humanly, one might say his life was worn out by excessive toil and labor of every kind. When he left me at Kangundo, he made a rapid march back to Nzawi, because of the critical condition in which we left Mr. Wilson. He was then attacked with severe pains and vomiting, and for three weeks it was a continuance of days of relief when he would work with his might, and days of sickness and suffering. When it seemed

advisable for him to return to America on business, he made preparations for another visit to Kangundo, and also to look over Kikuyu, where he hoped to shortly plant another station. Several times the day was set for his departure, but each time he was overtaken with weakness, and on the very day that the dread Haematuria made its presence manifest, everything was arranged for his leaving for Kangundo on the morrow. Everything that could be done for him was done lovingly and tenderly by those who nursed him, and he was not left alone for an instant. But it was God's opportunity, and He desired the presence of the servant in the household of the King, and so the call was gladly obeyed on Friday, December 4th, about 5 P. M.

The day of his death he would not let mother out of his sight, and asked her if she was ready to go with him, and when she replied, "Yes, my son," he said, "I am only waiting for you." Shortly before he passed away, he asked each one around his bed if they had taken their hands off, and when he got a reply in the affirmative, he said, "Let us go then." "Where to, Peter?" "To the Eternal City."

Then raising his thin arm, he said, "I want the arm of the Lord of Hosts around me," and he passed into the presence of Him who never denied the request of His child.

When mother spoke of sending for father and myself, he only laughed, and said he was all right, but finally she dispatched three men on Monday night, November 30th, but they did not arrive at Kangundo until Thursday eve., and we left next morning (Friday) shortly after 6 o'clock. The natives were all busy with their shambas so we could not hire any, and had to take all the men from the station for our seventy miles journey. We marched that day until the men were worn out, and camped for the night, starting early next morning. We had proceeded on our way about two hours when we met an Asakari from Nzawi, bringing a note from Mr. K., who was on the way to meet us, and saying that Peter was very low. I had been worn out with the long journey of the day before, and two of the men were carrying me in the hammock, but I got out immediately, and father and I sped over the road, leaving the men far behind. When we reached Mikungami, Mr. K.



HIS GRASS HOUSE AND GRAVE.

had returned to Nzawi, leaving three men for the hammock journey through the river. As we passed Kilungu we knew that Peter had passed away, and so we hurried on, losing our way several times in the darkness, but finally reached Nzawi about 8 p. m., where we found Messrs. Codd and Wilson, Misses Edwards and Lindberg, preparing a coffin for him, which was made of boxes and covered with white muslin, decorated with white flowers. It was a great shock to us, but God has upheld us wonderfully, and has given His own words of peace and power to father and mother.

The services were held on Sabbath at 10 A. M., all the men and boys being present to look on the face of him they loved so well. The four boys carried him out across the lawn, and he is now lying with his face to the *East*, just outside of his little grass house, where I am sitting. He awaits the voice of the Bridegroom, and when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead in Christ shall rise first, he shall be satisfied, for in his *body* he shall see Him whom his soul loveth.

As he said to you in his last letter, "The great Nzawi Peak has been called the gateway

to Central Africa," so now the first stepping stone has been laid *inside* the gateway, and God has seen fit to bestow that honor upon our head and director. The corn of wheat has fallen into the ground, it has been watered with tears and prayers, and now *God* shall bring forth fruit into perfection. I cannot speak of the trial it is to us as a family, and what it will mean to the work I know not, but this I know—the same God reigneth, and He who hath *begun* a good work *will perform* it unto the day of Christ. Although my heart is crushed, I would not ask it to be otherwise, for continually I hear His voice saying, "Beloved, it is *well*." The added labor and responsibility is great, and at times I cry out, "I am not able for these things," but the reply is always the same, "*My* strength is *made* perfect in *weakness*." And now what can I say more? Your support, your prayers are needed more than ever, for we are in a trying time.

On Thursday morning he asked mother to draw back the curtain from the window that he might see the Nzawi hills, and when she had done so, he said, "Well, the language of my

heart this morning is the 107th Psalm," and with a face lit up by the Spirit of the Lord, he said, "Oh, that we would praise the Lord for His *goodness*, and for His *wonderful* works to the children of men." "Let the redeemed of the Lord *say* so." Let me give you his last entry in his diary:

"Nov. 27th.—A goat was sacrificed to-day by the old men in the grove. It was an interesting as well as a pathetic sight to find out the idea they have of God. After cutting the throat of the animal, they caught the blood in a calabash and began cutting the goat up in pieces. A large pot was put on the fire, and the principal part of the animal put on to stew, other parts laid on the open fire to roast. Every part of the animal was eaten, except the hide and the little they buried in the ground at the foot of the tree—God's tree, as they term it. I noticed afterward that they even ate part of the hide, hair and all. Their offering to-day seemed to be one of thanksgiving for the rain, but they were also beseeching God to spare their cattle (many of them apparently dying lately), and to preserve their crop of corn (a grub

having begun to eat it). They cut small portions of each part of the animal, wrapped it in a piece of hide cut from the head, with three of the grubs which had been eating the corn, together with some blood, milk, and native flour, and after digging a hole at the foot of the Milungus tree, they put in the offering, pouring the blood over the whole, all the while muttering these words: 'O God, send us food and rain, but let famine and sickness go far away. Preserve our cattle and our corn, and give us a plentiful harvest. Our people have been preserved from coughs and from sickness. O God we love Thee, and you love our people.' After their ceremony, they returned to the pot and began gormandizing themselves, eight men consuming the whole creature, not excepting the intestines. The stomach they ate raw, and without washing. One is particularly struck at the absolute lack of selfishness in the division of the meat, and the matter of fact way they go about everything. When I asked them why the women were not asked to partake of the feast, they said that women were like porters (virtually slaves), and they could only share when it

was too much for the men to finish. They have hazy ideas of God, but, O how far from the truth. They imagine that God comes and speaks to the old men at night. The sighing of the wind in the boughs of a tree might be to them the voice of God."

"Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?"

"Here am I, Lord, use me in life or death!"

The Lord shall grant his petition, and who knows but that on the day when the jewels are made up, even some of these may be met in His presence.

May the Lord teach us *how* to be faithful in word and in deed, so that we may not be ashamed at His appearing.

There is much that I might write, but words are poor at such a time, and only God can understand, and continually I hear Him say, "It is well."

Beloved, " It is well, it is well,

" It is well."

God's ways are always right, and love is o'er them
all,

Tho' far above our sight,

" It is well, it is well."

Beloved, " It is well, it is well,"

" It is well."

Though deep and sore the smart, He wounds who
knows to bind

And heal the broken heart.

" It is well, it is well," etc., etc.

As our days our strength shall be, and He is
faithful, so " Until the day break and the
shadows flee away," we shall follow on in His
footsteps, so that we may be found worthy to
receive Him at His coming.

Yours in such an aim,

MARGARET C. SCOTT.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF SUPT. P. CAMERON
SCOTT.

" But this I say, the time is short; it remaineth that
both they that have wives be as though they had none;
and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they

that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it; for the fashion of this world passeth away. But I would have you without carefulness."—I Cor. vii: 29-32.

"My heart is filled with wonder, love, and praise, as I sit down and review the past year of our labors in this land, to which God, by His grace, hath called us. Just one year ago we were making active preparations for our departure from Mombasa, where we left Nov. 12, 1895, to wend our way into the unknown and untried mysteries of the interior. We went out "not knowing," but our God led us forth by a "right way," and brought us to "a city of habitation."

We had no idea as to where we might be allowed to settle, whether in the far interior or in close proximity to the coast. The two questions that we had to face were these:

I. If we settled within a hundred miles of the coast we might conflict with other societies who had an established work for many years, viz.: The Church Missionary Society (who gave us such a hearty welcome on our arrival), the Wes-

leyan Methodist, the German Lutheran, and the Roman Catholic Missions. Of course, although these four agencies are at work, yet within a hundred-mile limit there is much unoccupied territory, and one could very easily justify themselves in saying: "Here is the first great need," but when you compare this with the great untouched territory lying beyond, one could but come to this conclusion, viz.: "We will leave this field for our brethren, and press forward."

II. In going on into the interior, is it wise to cut ourselves off from communication with the coast? This question was settled very easily, as we had brought a good supply of stores with us, and had also secured good agents at the coast to forward to us from time to time supplies as they might be needed. Both of these questions being answered, and having "counted the cost," we were ready to face whatever might meet us in the way, whether of joy or sorrow.

In penning these lines, I cannot help but express our heartfelt gratitude to all with whom we have had dealings since our arrival; to her

Britannic Majesty's Consul at Zanzibar, to Her Majesty's Commissioner at Mombasa, the Church Missionary Society, our agents, Messrs. Smith, Mackenzie & Co., and Her Majesty's Sub-Commissioner and Vice-Consul of Ukamba, John Ainsworth, Esq. All of these in one way and another, have given most valuable advice, and rendered aid in such a manner, that we cannot but say, "Our lines have fallen in pleasant places."

We were a party of eight—three women and five men. On Nov. 12, 1895, the five men of the party left Mombasa to look for a site, the ladies remaining at the coast in the Church Missionary Society's House, where they could have an opportunity of studying Ki-Swahili.

We wandered about for one month, and on Dec. 14, 1895, we fixed upon Nzawi as the place where we would begin our labors. After a long *palaver*, with the natives, a site was chosen, and building operations began immediately. Our first structure was a grass house, 15 x 30 feet, which was much more comfortable and commodious than our tents. The site chosen was a very good one, with one exception, viz., a

scarcity of timber, not only for building purposes, but for shade as well. We are on a little hill in Nzawi valley, around which flows the Nzawi River, and again we are surrounded by hills, all in the neighborhood of 6,000 feet; and to the Southeast stands Nzawi Peak, which Capt. Lugard calls the door to Africa, “The massive granite sentinel that guards the gate to the heart of Africa.”

Leaving the four brethren to begin operations for a permanent brick structure, I hastened back to the coast to make arrangements for the removal of the ladies into the interior. I made the journey of 250 miles in nine days, and found my sister just recovering from her first conflict with African fever. Owing to the scarcity of porters, I was detained at the coast much longer than I had anticipated; this scarcity being caused by the rebellion of Mbaruk and 3,000 followers against the British Government, all the available men being utilized as porters in the expeditions against him. On Jan. 17, Frere Town Mission Station was attacked, where our ladies were staying. I shouldered my rifle, crossed with the troops, and joined in the de-

fense. The enemy was soon put to flight, and pursued for several miles. Although on the field of action I did not fire a shot.

During my stay at the coast I found it necessary to send one of the ladies of our party home, reducing the number to seven. On Feb. 3, with a caravan of 110 men, we once more bade good-bye to the comforts of civilization and started for the interior, this time having a settled point toward which we might steer our caravan. We arrived Feb. 28, found the brethren well, and a brick house well nigh completed. We were rejoiced to be together once more, and also glad to find the natives still continued friendly.

In view of the magnitude of the field, and the largeness of our party, it was deemed advisable to open another station as soon as possible. With this end in view I set off once more on caravan, striking off in an E. N. E. direction, and on the 11th of March came into the district of Sakai, where I pitched my camp, surrounded by a howling, angry mob. They were at first very much opposed to my project of building, but after much trial of faith, the work was

begun in Sakai, and on the 18th of March, Mr. Hotchkiss came over from Nzawi to take charge of the station, and occupy the little grass house that had been built for his reception.

Leaving Sakai, I traveled for several days through Kibouni, Kiwaki, Kilala, and into Kilungu, arriving at Nzawi on the 23d of March. Still feeling that our force at Nzawi was more than sufficient, we decided once more to "enlarge the place of our tent, and stretch forth the curtains of our habitation," and in accordance with this thought, we left headquarters and set out for Kilungu on April 11th, where we arrived the same day. A beautiful site was chosen and granted. The district is thickly populated and extensively cultivated. Flowing in front of the station is the Kilungu River, while behind towers Kilungu Peak, 6,500 feet high. A small grass house 12 x 18 was hastily thrown up, and on the 18th Mr. Krieger came over to take charge of the work, and ever since its establishment we have much reason to praise God, for since our food supply has failed at Nzawi, we have been abundantly supplied from Kilungu by Mr. Krieger; and this records

the opening of our third station. "Marvelous are Thy works, O Lord."

Time passed on. From month to month encouraging reports came from the different stations.

On July 22nd we were called once more to Mombasa; this time to meet our second party of missionaries, eight in number, among whom were my parents and sister, thus making an entire family on the field. We were also favored by the addition of one from the Glasgow Bible Training Institute, the others being from the Pennsylvania Bible Institute. The party arrived August 7th, and being detained some time at the coast, we did not reach Nzawi until September 22d. On our arrival we were glad to find all well and the work in all its branches able to report progress.

I feel that the coming of my parents to this land is something quite new in the annals of missionary history. We sometimes hear of people advanced in years breaking up their homes to seek a fortune, but seldom, if ever, do we hear of those who are classed as the *wazee* (aged) selling out all that they have,

and coming to such a land as Africa to lift up Jesus without any thought of ever returning to the mother country again. May God signally bless and use them in the declining years of their lives, and may they be kept for His use.

The party was divided, some going to Kilungu, others to Sakai, some remaining at Nzawi. Here again we found the family too large and God in the meantime had made a providential opening for its division. For a long time the people in the district of Kangundu, seventy miles north of here, were in rebellion against the British authorities. A military post was established in the district, and soon the people were brought to terms, and the force withdrawn to Machakos. During the campaign, a rough wattle and daub structure had been thrown up to serve as a dwelling house for the officers. Her Majesty's Sub-Commissioner writing me about this place, spoke of its population, fertility, and other points of interest, making it a good center for missionary work; and offered the place as it stood, for a rental of five rupees (\$1.50) per year. We felt that this was simply giving it away, and our minds were soon made up to accept this kind offer.

On September 29th, in company with my father and Mr. Severn, we set out to open the fourth station, arriving at Kangundu October 3d. Mwana Muka gave us a cordial reception, bringing as presents a large bull which we were to kill and eat, also a cow to supply us with milk. We found the place exceeded our expectations, as it is perhaps the most fertile spot we have seen from the coast up. It is at an elevation of 5,500 feet, shut in by hills, which shelter from the strong evening breezes. A few miles to the north can be seen Donyo Sabuk, in the midst of the Althi Plains, the old camping ground of the Massai warriors, while one hundred miles to the north can be seen the snow-capped Mount Kenia."——

On Oct. 7th.—We got in a good day's work on the house and in the garden, and succeeded in getting quite a large piece of ground dug up and an assortment of seeds planted.

On Oct. 10th.—I left in the morning after a precious season of prayer with father and Mr. Severn. I decided to leave all beaten tracks, and steer a straight course for Nzawi, which I found afterwards shortened the road considerably.

Reached Mr. Watts' house at 10:10 A.M., where I stopped and had a bite of lunch with them, then went on to Machakos, thus covering twenty-eight miles, which is considered a big day's tramp in Africa. I spent a pleasant evening at the fort.

On October 11th.—"I left Machakos at 5 A.M., intending, if possible, to reach Nzawi before nightfall. I visited many of the villages, going out of my way considerably to see parts of Kilungu, hitherto unvisited by me. I find a very large population in the hills and valleys, and I feel that our station is in the right place. Reached Nzawi at 5 P.M., having traveled fully forty-five miles, and I am told that this is the record journey in B. E. Africa. I did not travel to make a record, however, but only to get down in time to catch the mail. I thanked God, for the strength supplied for that day's work. As I neared the station, I was spied crossing the hills, and soon all the brethren and sisters were out in force to welcome the wanderer. When climbing the hill on which the station stands, I could not keep the tears back, for there was mother standing to welcome me as only a mother can. How thankful I should be (and I trust I

am), that God has sent my parents and sisters here! I found all in health, and enjoying the fulfillment of Lam. iv:20, "Under His shadow we shall live among the heathen."

In humble dependence upon our God, we have moved steadily forward, no doubt in our blindness making many mistakes, for we are still human, like most other people, but we ascribe all praise to Him for anything that has been done, which can bring glory to His name, and honor to His cause. Four stations have been established and manned in less than ten months after our arrival in Nzawi. During this same period we have made brick for and erected six buildings, besides six good grass dwelling houses, also houses for men, chickens and goats.

Much has also been done in the line of tilling the soil, but most of our effort in the beginning of this year came to grief, owing to the failure of the rains. This season, however, we got our seeds down in time and our hearts are gladdened now to see the whole face of nature changed. Until the 21st of October we seemed to be living in the midst of a "dry parched land

where no water is," even the river itself had almost disappeared; but now, pen can hardly describe the beauty of the scene. Our crops consist of all kinds of vegetables, as well as potatoes, wheat, barley, oats and buckwheat. We are endeavoring, as much as possible, to make ourselves independent of all European supplies, and make the work in a measure self-supporting.

Our school work has not been large, but carried on faithfully since its inception in March. The school is composed of boys from various sections of this great Continent, for Africans are a migratory people. One boy is from far distant Unyoro, another from Msangu in the South, two from Nyamwezi, one from Zanzibar, who has traveled all over the Congo, one from the Soudan, the others being from our own district. Several of these boys are supported in school by friends in America. My sister does not report these boys as being exceptionally brilliant, but faithful. They make splendid vocalists, however, and have phenomenal memories.

Another branch of our work has been that of the Dispensary, and this has been attended with

many good results. Of course the principal diseases are those of the skin, and many ghastly looking ulcers have been cured in a remarkably short space of time. Many have shown their appreciation of the treatment, by bringing small presents of beans, sweet potatoes, milk and chickens; and this spirit of independence we have tried to foster in them. Many of them suffer from sore eyes caused by a very bad custom almost universally practiced by the old men, that of pulling out the eye-lashes.

Our work has been distinctively that of pioneering, and we have been working at a great disadvantage, owing to the fact that we know nothing of the language of the people among whom we have come to labor. We have been steadily pegging away, however, in this respect; the effort is being rewarded with success; the "Babel" sounds are now becoming coherent sentences.

The health of the missionaries: Many of us have had much cause for thankfulness in the matter of health, for while none of us have been free from fever, we have been troubled so little that the attacks are scarcely worth taking notice

of. And yet in one way or another there has been considerable sickness. This could scarcely be otherwise, owing to the great amount of manual labor that had to be done ; working in the rain, and under the heat of the tropical sun, turning over virgin soil, etc., all of which tend to endanger the health of Europeans. The diseases prevalent among us have been fever, diarrhoea, dysentery, dropsy, and a serious affection of the heart and brain. But with the Psalmist we can say : " Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

" Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."

And now a word might be said about the people, among whom we have come to labor. The WAKAMBA occupy the territory known as UKAMBA which extends from the Tsaro River to Kikuyu. The population is estimated to be between four and 500,000. The men (a great many of them) are naked, with the exception of the brass wire, which is freely worn about their necks, arms,

waists, and legs. They also make very fine chains out of fine brass wire, and great bunches of these are worn in the ears. They are generally well built fellows, tall, thin, but muscular. As a rule they have straight-cut features, are high in the forehead, and rather intelligent in appearance.

The costume of the women is rather picturesque. In front they wear a small apron of cloth, or goat skin, about five inches long by seven in breadth. Behind they wear a long v-shaped piece of hide, which reaches to the knees, being split up the center; they also wear an oval hide fastened over the shoulder, reaching to the hips. The women do not wear so much brass wire, but the quantity of beads some of them carry around their waists and necks is really wonderful. They are an agricultural people, possessing large herds of cattle and goats. Their manner of cultivation is decidedly crude, and their only implement is a long stick sharpened at the end, with which they turn over the soil, clear the ground, and plant the seed. It is remarkable how much ground they can dig up in a day with one of

these sticks. Some few have short-handled hoes, but these are not native. Their tool-chest is made up of a very few things and not hard to carry around; a small ax with blade from one-and-a-half to two inches broad, and handle two feet long; then comes a small adze, blade one inch long, handle two feet long; a pair of pincers, and a knife.

Their weapons of defence are chiefly the bow and arrow, and a long sword.

Their houses are small conical grass huts, with a door so small that it is with difficulty you can crawl in when down on "all fours."

Some may be surprised, and perhaps shocked, at my description of the native dress and fashions, and wonder what effect it has upon the mind of the missionary to live among a people who run about almost nude. I know this question arises in the minds of the people at home, as I had to answer it everywhere when I returned from the Congo, where I had been laboring for two years. Almost at once one becomes so accustomed to this condition of things, that if the question were asked what any one had on, it would be impossible to tell whether

they were decently attired, according to our custom, or whether they had anything on at all. The fact of the matter is, there is far more staring in the church at home, at some of the hideous fashions of the latter decades of the nineteenth century, than there could possibly be out here among these sons of nature. The women are hardworking and industrious, but the men are phenomenally lazy.

What can I more say before closing this letter? I have only hurriedly and very briefly run over the work of the year, having walked 2,600 miles since first leaving Mombasa, seeing many strange and sorrowful sights. We have had times of trial, also times of blessing; times of sorrow, and times of joy. Patience has been put to the test, but God has answered prayer; our need in every particular has been very great, but His promise has not failed. Our hearts are full of thanksgiving for all the marvels of His grace, and to Him we humbly ascribe all the praise.

And may I not say another word to you, friends, in closing. Paul tells us in I. Cor. vii: 19: "The circumcision is nothing, and uncircumcision is nothing; on the contrary, a keeping

of God's commandments is everything." (Rotherham's Translation.) What is His commandment? Have ye not seen? Have ye not heard? It is the parting message of our Lord to His little band of followers. He saw, with a pitying eye of love, down through the centuries of time, a world lying in darkness; a world filled with anguish and woe; nations seeking after God, if haply they might find Him. He simply said "GO." Ever since that memorable day when the power of God lifted our Lord into the Glory, there has come thundering through the ages, that last command to the church: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Hast thou gone? If not; why?

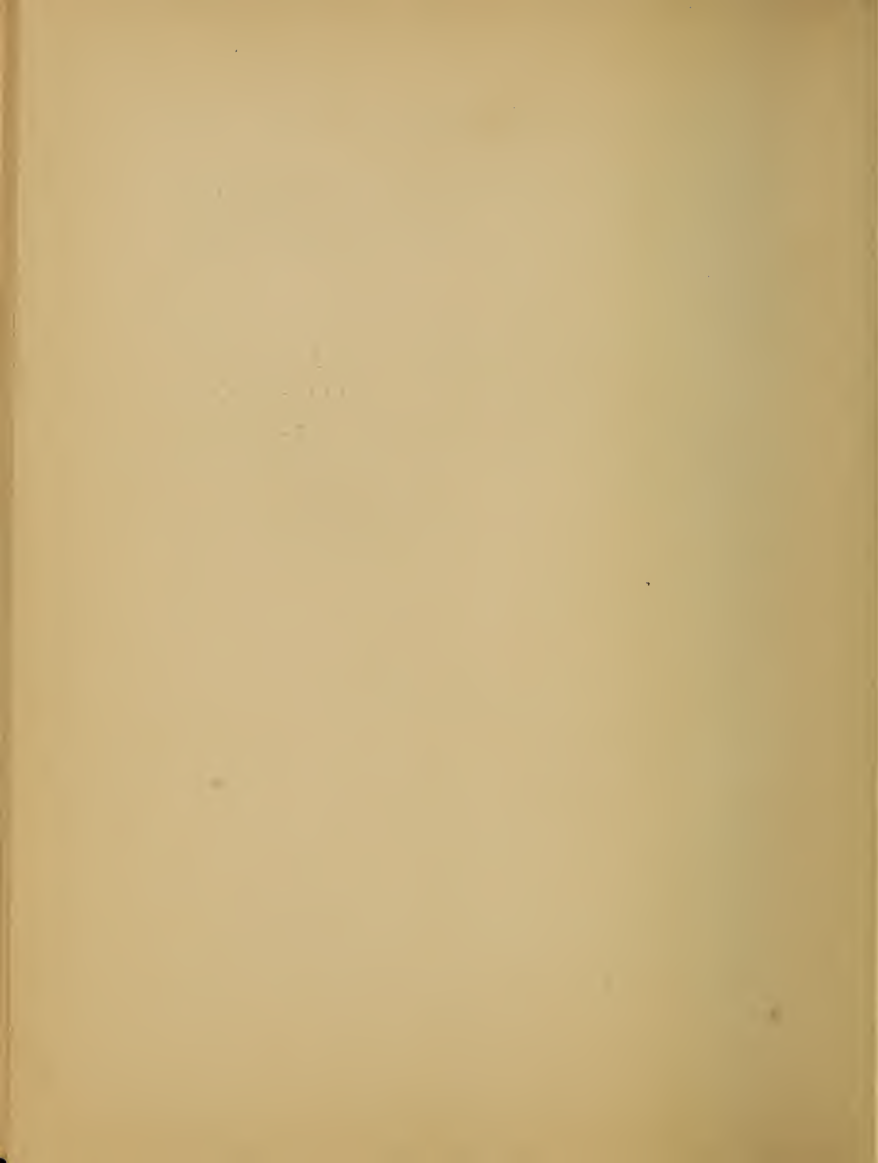
I am yours in gospel bonds,

P. CAMERON SCOTT.

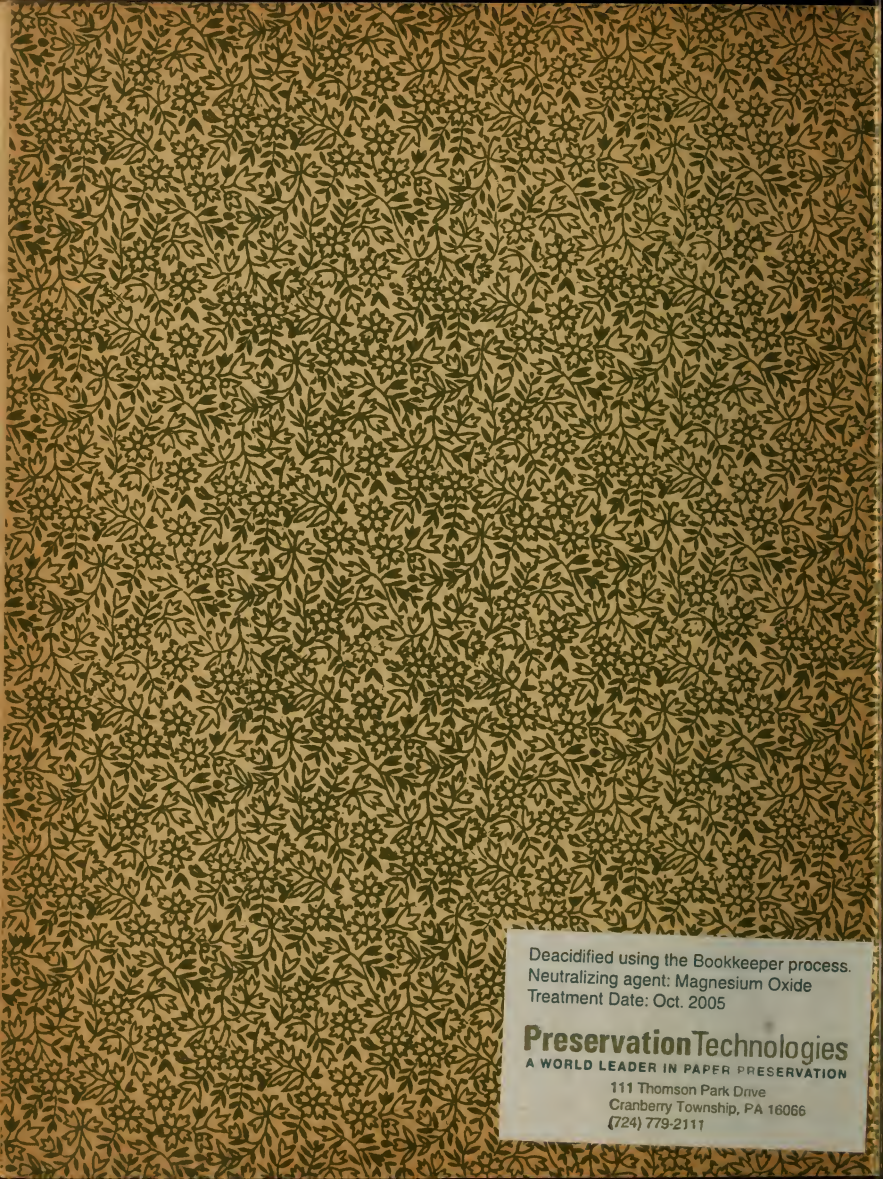
Any desiring photographs of the Rev. P. Cameron Scott in his African suit, or in his ordinary clothes, can procure them for twenty-

five cents each, by addressing the Penn. Bible Institute, 54 Lansdowne Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa., or Door of Hope, 102 East 61st Street, New York.

Mr. Chas. E. Donle, 109 Friendship Street, Providence, R. I., has designed a very attractive little medal, with his picture and emblems engraved upon it, for the same price, the proceeds of which, with the sale of this book, shall be devoted to Africa.



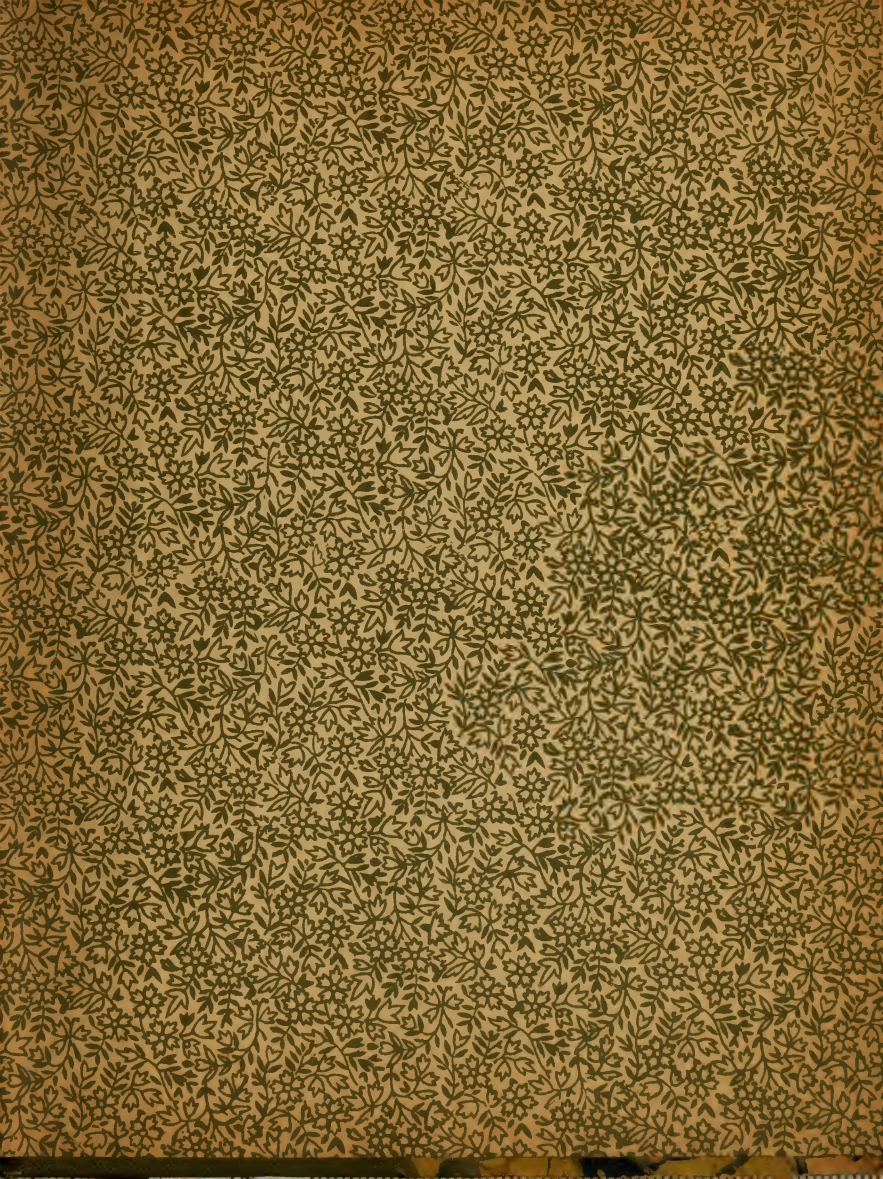




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